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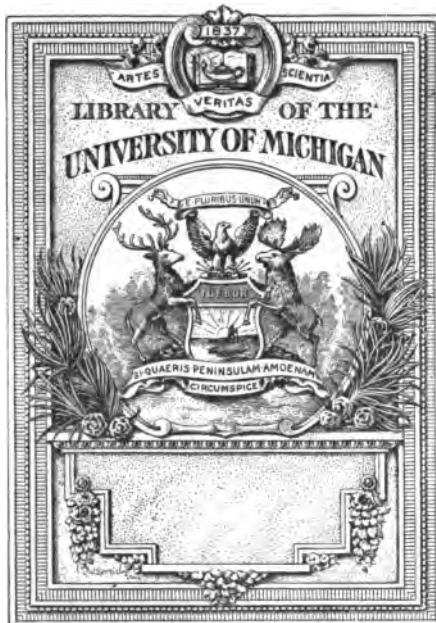
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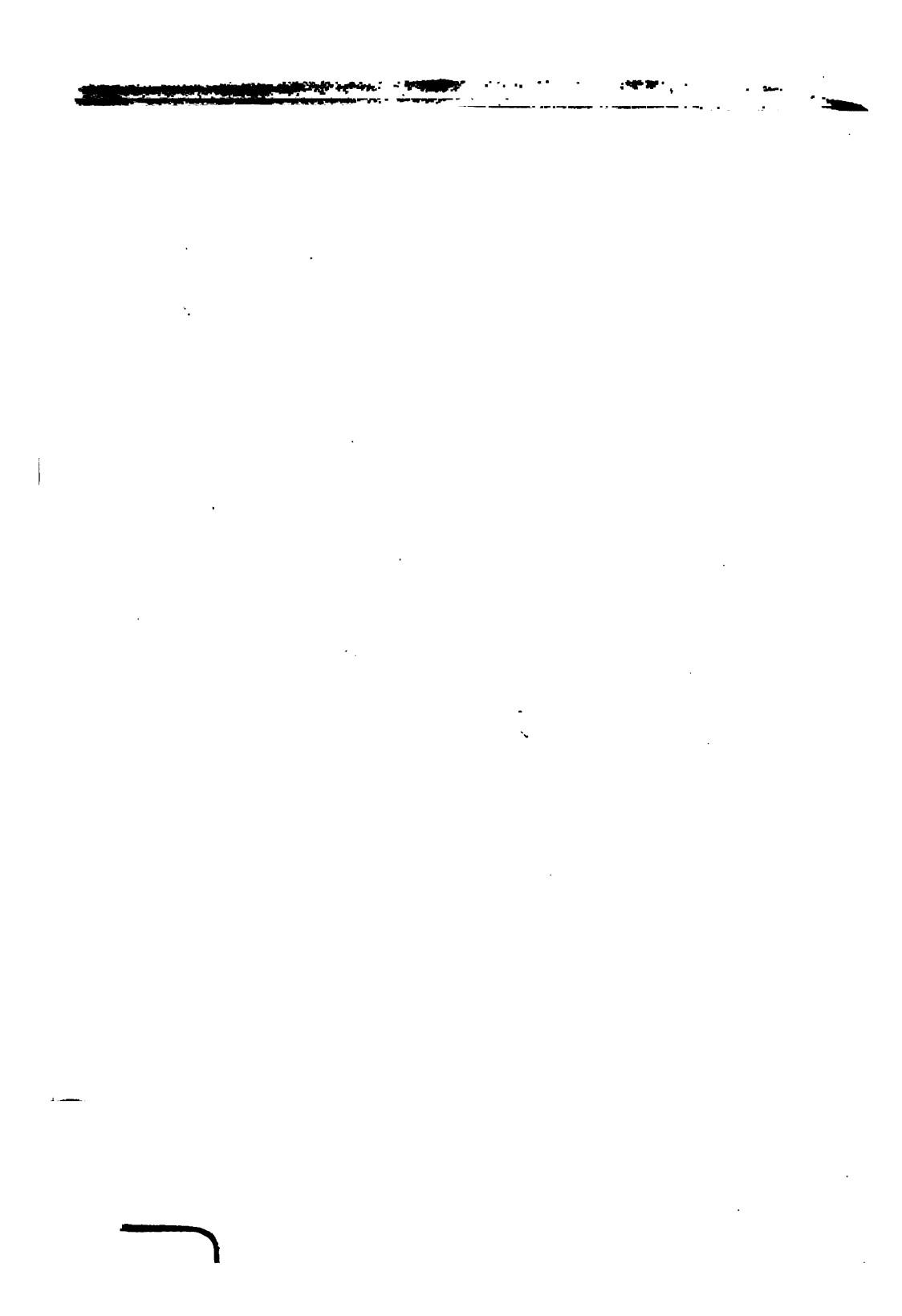
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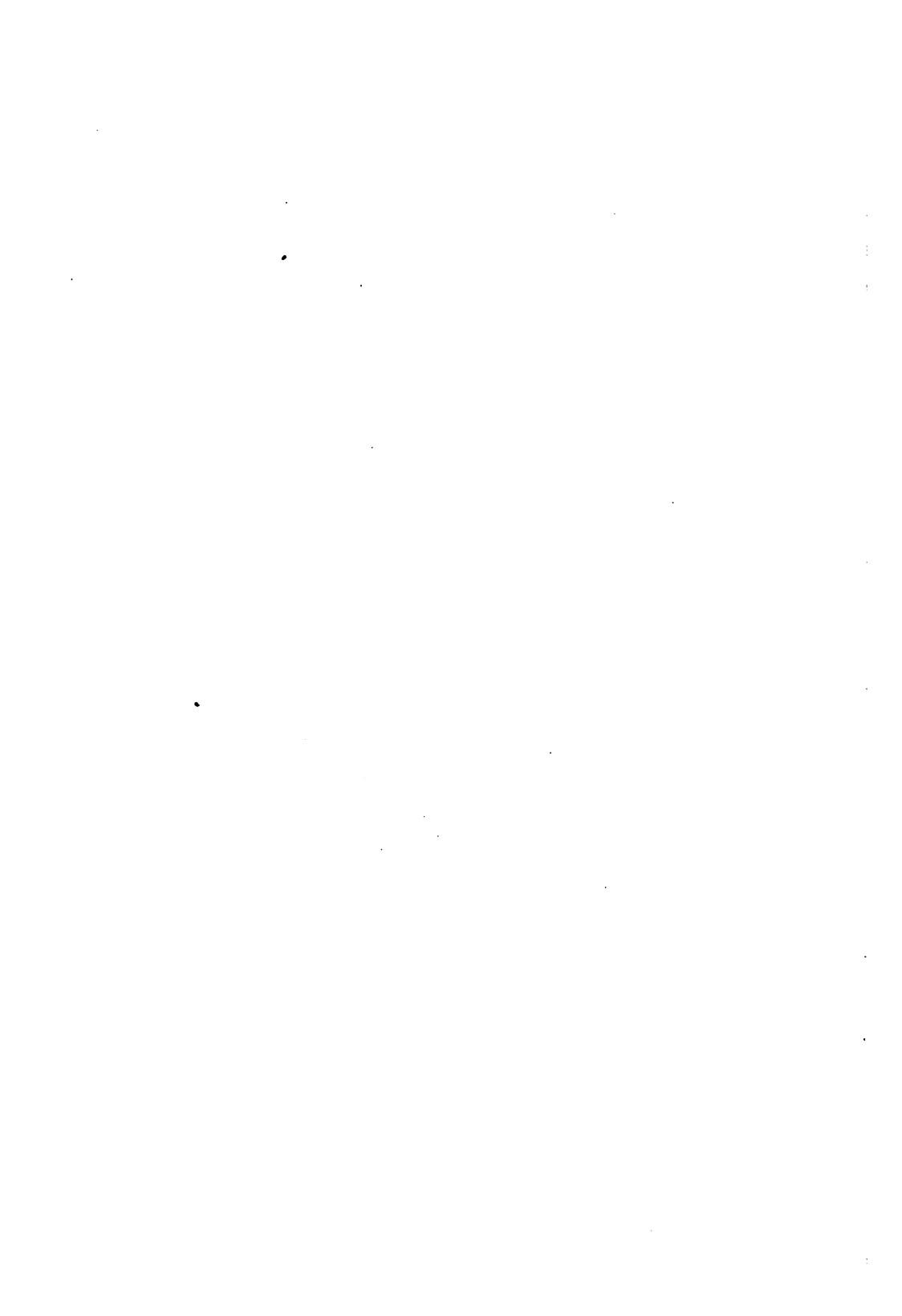


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Smith of Bear City



Smith of Bear City
and Other Frontier Sketches
By
George T. Buffum



ILLUSTRATED WITH SIX PHOTOGRAVURES
FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY
F. T. WOOD



New York
The Grafton Press
1906

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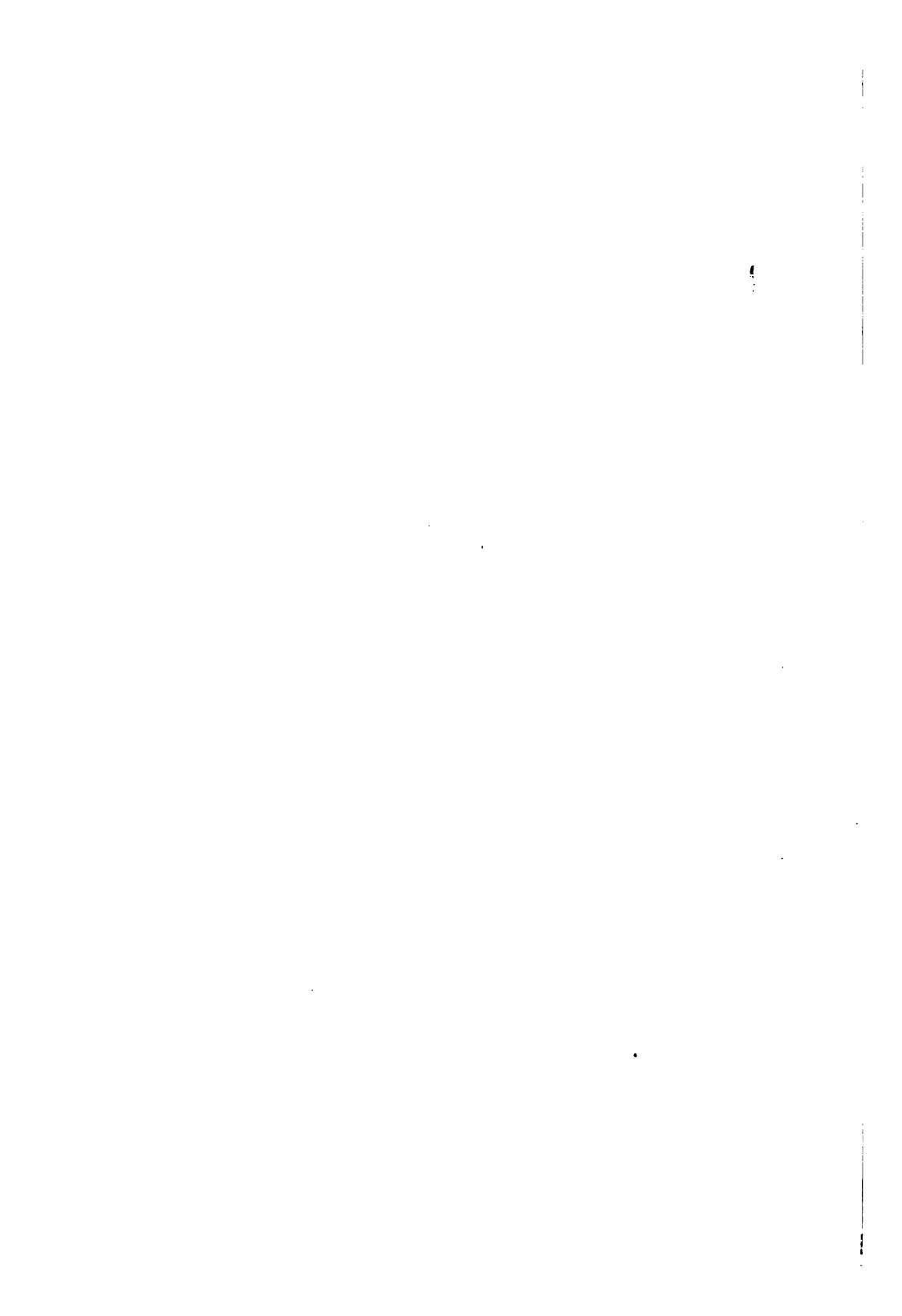
TO

George D. Cook

A CHEERFUL COMPANION OF THE BORDER
WHEN THERE WAS LITTLE
OF GOOD CHEER

George D. Cook
1905

190538



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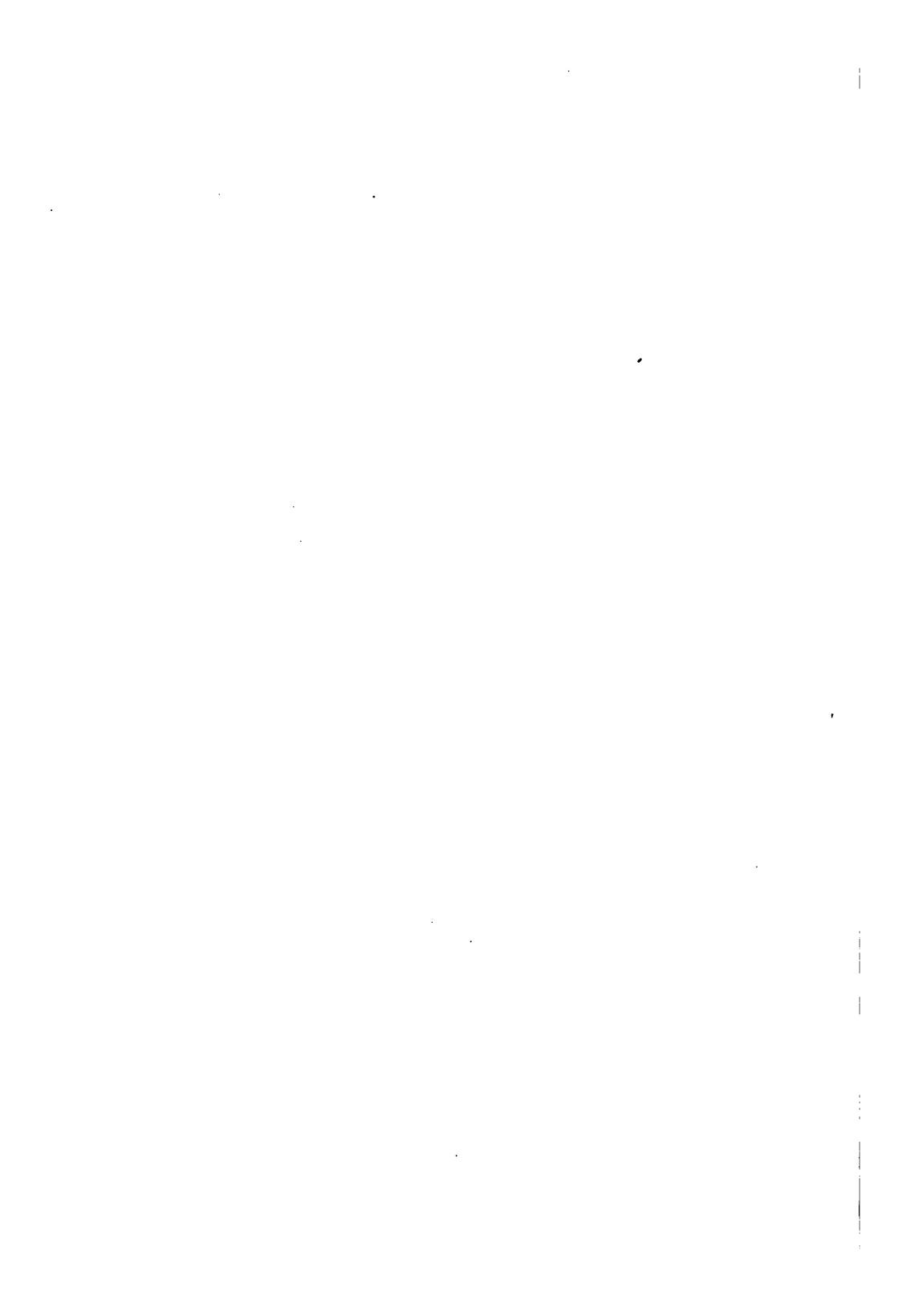
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Prefatory Note

I extend my greetings to the friends of frontier days,—the early pioneers of a great industry, whose wealth is clean and untainted by the despoiling of their fellow-men. Before them was a vast unknown land where silence and desolation reigned. High mountains had to be crossed, there were broad untilled plains and desert wastes to be traversed. Hostile Indians disputed their rights in the territory and lay in ambush for them. But they were not deterred. They explored and dug deep and turned prospects into mines. The Far West awoke. The stage gave way to the railroad. Immigration rapidly followed. Cities were built and new states created. Then there came a call from over the sea. The Dark Continent became White Man's Africa. A karoo desert, where the wild beasts roamed and reared their lair, was changed into diamond fields, while on the arid veldt of the Rand were found reefs

Prefatory Note

of gold. When I beheld what the American mining men had accomplished under the British and Boer flags, I gloried in my countrymen.

We who were younger used to delight to call the late Senator Hearst "Uncle George." One day, when congratulated upon his successful mine management and ownership, he replied in his kindly way to this effect: "Thank God, no one has suffered from what we have gained, for we have not striven to take what others had. No suicides, no ruined men, no impoverished women, no beggared children, have followed in our wake. We have exacted no tribute nor entered into any schemes for the submerging of our fellows while we floated high on the tide. Pure as the mountain air, bright as the midday sun, is the gold we hold, with mother earth the only loser."

Similar sentiments have actuated and largely controlled the lives of such pioneer mining men as J. B. Haggin, Senators John P. Jones and James G. Fair, John W. Mackay,**

* Deceased.

Prefatory Note

Marcus Daly, John Hays Hammond, Hamilton Smith,* Gardner Williams, Hennen and Sidney Jennings, R. T. Bayliss, J. A. Finch, A. B. Campbell, Patrick Clark, Thomas F. Walsh, Victor M. Clement,* the Williams brothers, Ben and Don Luis, E. B. Gage, F. M. Murphy, Dr. James Douglas, Samuel Newhouse, and many others who have been so largely instrumental in furnishing the basic wealth of the nations. For on the precious metals, and not on paper promises to pay, are built the solid foundations of the world's currency on which mainly depend international credit and commerce.*

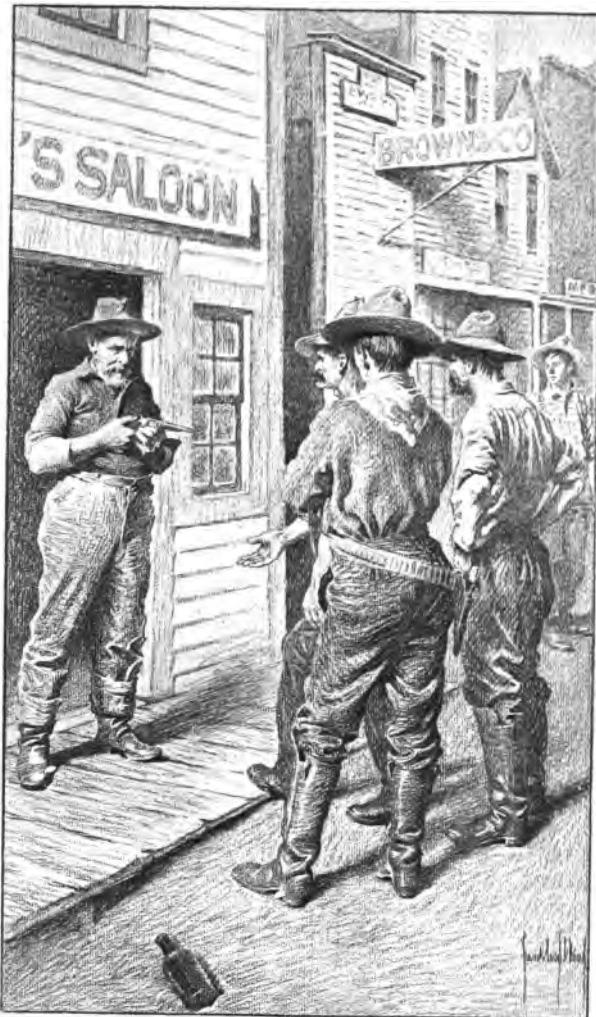
* Deceased.











"Don't be too hard on an Old Man who is handy with his Gun."

Smith of Bear City

On a winter evening many years ago some travelers were at Garrison Junction, Montana, waiting for a belated train on the Northern Pacific Railroad. The conversation drifted to frontier life. We related incidents wherein we had been witnesses of those sanguinary conflicts when the gun and the knife had so frequently settled disputes without reference to any officer of the law. Then we spoke of those thrilling events which occurred when the vigilance committees were formed, and how they came to the rescue of outraged communities and succeeded in bringing the country of worthless desperadoes to justice. The departure to another world was of little benefit to those who were left behind.

"Talking about nerve and courage under fire," said a gray-haired engineer of the Union Pacific Railroad, "I have seen the like west of the brave, and his name was Smith of Bear City."

Smith of Bear City

City. Perhaps you have never heard of Bear City. No man will ever walk its streets again, for like many of the cities which sprang up suddenly during the building of the Union Pacific Railroad, all that is left to show where it was are the tin cans and the graves of the men who 'died with their boots on.'

"Whenever pay-day came around the shovellers, the track layers, and all employed in the construction of the railroad indulged in wild drunken carousals which seriously retarded the completion of the work. The government subsidy offered such an immense profit for every mile built that the two rival companies, building toward each other, were each most anxious to gain all possible trackage to the junction. As it was, they paralleled each other until the government designated Ogden for the junction of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads. At the time of which I speak Bear City was the terminus of the Union Pacific and the base of supplies.

"There was a large wholesale liquor mer-

Smith of Bear City

chant in Bear City named Smith, who supplied all the saloons and gambling-halls for miles around with liquor. Some of the men who were overseeing the building of the Union Pacific went to see Smith with reference to the very serious delays in the construction caused by the drunkenness of the employees after the previous pay-day. An understanding was reached by which Smith agreed to sell but a very limited amount of liquor to the saloon-keepers during the time that the workmen had no money and no credit; yet to avoid all suspicion of the drought which was in store for them, he was to announce his ability to abundantly supply all calls when the harvest of pay-day should come.

“Pay-day came, and the anxious saloon-keepers could not buy a drop from the abundant supplies of Smith, for he had made good his word in having liquor on hand. That Smith had been bought by the monopoly that disregarded the poor man’s right to get drunk was evident to the most guileless of the la-

Smith of Bear City

bourers, and their friends the saloon-keepers were severe in their denunciation of such a proceeding.

“Finally an indignation meeting was called in which the most belligerent citizens advocated the seizure of the liquor by force as a public necessity in case Smith should longer persist in his refusal to sell to his former patrons. Before proceeding to desperate means, however, a committee was chosen from those supposed to possess the most persuasive eloquence, to wait upon Smith and use all their blandishments to induce him to recede from his promises and to accommodate the gentlemen who were ready to give him a handsome profit for the desired wet goods.

“The committee laboured in vain. Smith was obstinate, and they returned to their anxious friends to report failure. Never was a more indignant crowd gathered together to await unwelcome tidings. A saloon-keeper recently from Arkansas contrasted their unhappy condition with the bountiful life in his

Smith of Bear City

own beloved state, where in the towns on the White River bottoms a bell rang at the beginning of every hour as a signal for the people to take their quinine and whiskey; and ‘as for me,’ he added, ‘give me whiskey or give me death.’

“The applause was deafening as sixteen other intrepid men ranged themselves beside the speaker and expressed similar sentiments. Owing to Smith’s popularity it was decided to give him one more chance to withdraw from his perilous position. Another committee was delegated to announce to him their ultimatum.

“How many have subscribed to this pledge of “whiskey or death”? asked Smith.

“Seventeen of them,” was the reply.

Smith paused a few moments, and then, examining his weapons, said in a gentle voice, ‘Boys, don’t be too hard on an old man who is handy with his gun.’

The committee returned and reported the futility of all their efforts, and decided

Smith of Bear City

that the time for heroic action had now come. The seventeen were wildly cheered as they drew up in line and started for Smith's store. I mounted my locomotive and ran it where I could get a good view of the proceedings and yet be out of danger from any stray bullets.

"The seventeen had approached to within about fifty feet of Smith's store when I saw the old man come out in front of it—a veritable walking arsenal. Then Smith with a proud wave of the hand called a halt; they parleyed a while and the man at the right of the line blazed away at Smith, who returned the fire; and then I noticed that there were but sixteen left in line. The second fellow fired, but Smith was too quick for him, and now there were fifteen, then fourteen—thirteen—twelve—eleven—ten—and so on, until there stood old Smith alone, unharmed, serene.

"I had seen enough for one day and was glad to get home. The next day I helped

Smith of Bear City

plant them. We gave them a first-class send-off, and decided that it was most fitting that they should be laid away in a row, as commemorative of their systematic departure. As tombstones were scarce we selected an empty whiskey barrel for their monument, and inscribed their names on it with the prettiest red paint you ever saw."

An incredulous listener asked how it happened that the seventeen were such fools as not to fire together, and reload if necessary, instead of each taking his turn. "Can't tell you," said the engineer, "unless they were all so absent-minded that they didn't think of it until they were dead."



The Death of Curly Bill*

ALL set," said the local stage agent, and as these customary farewells were spoken with the usual formal low bow to us all, the driver cracked his whip above the heads of the lead mules and we were off with a jerk and a rush, and for a short distance travelled with the only speed that we should again make for many a long day.

There were six of us passengers booked on the way-bill of the J. B. Price Overland Coach Company, and most of us had tickets from Santa Fé, New Mexico, to Tucson, Arizona. The mail contract required the stage to leave Santa Fé at noon, and Mrs. Davis, the proprietress of the Exchange Hotel, arranged to have her *chilli con carne* and other Mexican dishes ready so as to secure

* *The Curly Bill of international reputation was killed in the manner stated in the foot-note of the story of "Gentle Annie."*

Smith of Bear City

the shekels of the south-bound passengers to the widow's coffer rather than have them deposited at the restaurant, which would have better suited the passengers.

It was a long and weary ride of six days and nights from Santa Fé to Silver City, New Mexico, where even good water was a luxury, especially in crossing the Jornada del Muerto (Journey of Death). Unless the passengers had cravings for ancient goat meat, *frijolas* and *tortillas*, there would be inner voids and longings unsatisfied. Most of the landlords would have made first-class pirates, as they understood the art of taking coin and giving no value in return. Among the few places on the route where the meals were appetizing and wholesome was the first supper station south of Santa Fé. At a little before six p.m. the adobe building of the station appeared in sight, while to the northeast and southwest of it could be seen the grade of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad, which was then being constructed. A

The Death of Curly Bill

short distance beyond the adobe was a frame building erected in movable sections, so as to be easily taken down and rebuilt, and thus kept near the large force of graders, and this was the sign it bore: "Liquid Refreshments For All Nations Sold Within. Curly Bill—Drink Artist And Proprietor. Welcome."

We saw a man heavily armed standing in front of this saloon; he raised a Colt's revolver, took quick aim and fired. He then proceeded to walk to the side in front and north of the saloon and fired again, and doubling quickly on his tracks fired for the third, fourth and fifth times. Duels were not uncommon nor infrequent on the frontier, and they were not by mutual agreement and appointment of time and place, and with the distance measured off, seconds chosen and signal for battle given, as by the code of a century ago—none of these polite accompaniments attended the settling of disputes on the frontier. A frontier duel was fought when either principal determined to resent an insult, real

Smith of Bear City

or fancied, with the weapons of individual choice drawn quickly, and the "first drop" on the foe eagerly sought and used and the participants fighting unto death. During these conflicts all who were not personally in action were not usually inclined to stop and witness the fray, but were eager to hurry beyond the range of the guns, for in the excitement of a "man hunt" stray shots were liable to go wide of the mark and wound or even kill a bystander. There were very few men like Wild Bill Hickok, who could shoot with as calm a hand at a human target as at a wooden post.

We realized that there was some engrossing and exciting occurrence on hand as we saw several men scattered at various distances from the saloon, though not very near the firing line, watching the man with one large calibre revolver in his hand and a second one in his holster. We concluded that the drink artist was away from his picture-gallery and that some citizen a little too

The Death of Curly Bill

fresh for the frontier was making a target of the establishment, or else that this man was shooting at a dog which ran a short distance after each shot and then faced about wagging his tail as though unmindful of peril and fond of exercise.

When we arrived at the station and were getting out of the coach, the stage stable herder, who had been witnessing the field manoeuvres, rushed up to us and announced, "He hit him the last time."

"Hit whom?" we inquired.

"Hit Curly Bill, and has done him sure. A cannon-ball could n't have swept his inner works prettier. Thank Heaven, Bill has seen his last sunset this side of Jordan. We 'll have a jubilee funeral in this precinct with the only mourner occupying the front seat and too dead to cry."

The herder had cruelly expressed the sentiments of the community and as mildly as any whom we met that evening.

We soon learned all the facts of interest



Smith of Bear City

in connection with this fatal quarrel. A civil engineer, whom I will call Stephan (as I have forgotten his name, but think that it began with "S" and was a German name), was employed in the construction department of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad to see that the line was followed and grade established by the contractors in accordance with the accepted specifications. This engineer had been for a long time frequently selected by Bill as a safe object for his gross personal abuse, having in view perhaps that by such domineering language and methods others more dangerous would feel intimidated. The graders were Bill's principal customers, and he had moved his saloon every few months so as to keep near the large body of these rough toilers whose only pastimes and pleasures were measured by tank work at a whiskey shop. On this morning Stephan had come to the station to mail letters to his far-off home near Bingen-on-the-Rhine, and Bill had met him and cursed him with an unusually large

The Death of Curly Bill

volume of the coarsest vituperation, and had commanded him to take a stroll of a few hundred miles and to make his absence extended until time should be no more, or he would send him "across the range by the gun route."

The engineer manifested his usual meekness and humility, making no reply to these threats and commands, but he returned to his tent brooding bitterly over the wrongs and outrages which he had suffered. He balanced in his mind the pros and cons of life, and finally decided that mere existence by sufferance was not worth retaining if he must longer endure such insults and abuse with quiet submission to this ruffian, though asserting his manhood and resenting ill treatment meant a battle unto death. He sat down at his desk and wrote farewell letters to his friends and relatives in the far-away home country, that were to be mailed in the event of his demise. Then he resumed his work on the grade, apparently as unconcerned as if he were not probably returning to it for the

Smith of Bear City

last time and would perhaps to-morrow occupy one of the numerous unmarked graves which held Bill's victims. Most of them were of the homeless, friendless class, graders full of the saloon-keeper's bad whiskey, which put them on the war-path. Bill's plea of self-defence had always cleared him at the inquest, so that he had never been forced to face indictment for murder in the courts; and it had been surmised that this drink artist had wonderful skill in securing desirable testimony and in knowing how to handle the coroner and jury so as to have the verdict that of justifiable homicide. The engineer must seek him gun in hand, and the armed dead man that he would soon be would be made to appear as the wilful aggressor by the testimony of the villain's cowardly satellites, and all the trouble and harm which he could reasonably expect to bring upon Bill for his cruel conduct would be to force him to spend a few hours in the custody of the sheriff, while he who had dared to assert his just rights and

The Death of Curly Bill

tried to free the camp from the rule of the desperado would be buried in a dishonoured grave in the sands of the dismal waste.

But he could not falter now ; his choice was taken. Between five and six p.m. Stephan had arrived near Curly Bill's saloon, and had sent in word to the proprietor to come out into the open and settle their difficulties, and the best man would be the one left on earth when the supper-bell rang.

“Go tell that bow-legged son of a theodolite,” ran Bill’s reply, “to set up his compass on some other range, for his time on earth in my sight is getting scarce, and it is up to him whether he had not better haul down his flag and hit the grade at a hundred miles an hour, or wake up in kingdom come, with only a cactus monument to mark his has-been.”

The messenger and the bar loungers made hurried departures, as business matters were getting too exciting and any delay might result in serious personal inconvenience and fatality. Although Bill was always ready for

Smith of Bear City

any "gun play" and was quick in action on the unprepared, he concluded that it was now more discreet to give Stephan time for thought and flight, and so he was surprised when he looked out and saw Stephan standing gun in hand, waiting to give him a fair show for his life.

After a few more wild words on Bill's part the duel began with his shooting from the inside of his saloon and the engineer in action unprotected in the open. The noise of the rattling coach slowly lumbering along had prevented our hearing the explosion of Bill's ammunition as he fired from various selected positions inside the building.

The engineer was placed at a great disadvantage in the difficulty of gaining accurate knowledge of the location of his foe so that he might strike him in a vulnerable spot and end the conflict. In a second he saw that his best chance had come, and taking deliberate and careful aim he fired through the crack of the door as it swung back on its hinges; the

The Death of Curly Bill

shot had done its precise work; the liquor dealer had received a mortal wound, and the battle was indeed ended.

We gathered around the dying man; he was still conscious and was suffering the agonies of excruciating pain. Bill had killed many men; it was his turn now to tread the way he had laid for others—"to die with his boots on." Stephan had given him the chance to go the way he would have chosen to leave the world. His curses and fierce denunciations of the man with whom he had fought what had proved to be his last mortal conflict were shocking in the extreme. "Boys, I would n't mind taking this short cut to hell if I had only sent this —— dirt-scratcher on ahead to let old Satan know that I was hot on the grader's trail, —— him."

He spoke with difficulty, grinding his teeth in his wrath and hatred of his foe. His body shivered. His extremities grew cold. We thought that his last words were spoken, when in a whisper he gasped, "Tennessee,

Smith of Bear City

old home, Mary, John, don't you know me any more? Well, it is getting d——d dark."

We looked at the dead man and we looked at one another, and we knew that Bill had sought and found the eternal night.

Supper was ready—were we? The mistress of the dining station, never fair to look upon, now had a sort of fiendish glee lighting up her malicious countenance. The news of Bill's death was exhilarating news for her, and it seemed to inspire her to celebrate it in a kind of Fourth of July manner, but culinary duties demanded her attention. She said that Bill ought to have been "rounded up" long before and that she had been very free to tell him so; that as recently as that very morning at breakfast Bill had been abusively drunk and quarrelsome. She said she endured his rough criticism and ill treatment until in her anger she became unmindful of any personal danger and had called him a skulking tinker in tarantula juice, and told him that if he did n't behave himself she 'd "throw him

The Death of Curly Bill

into the kettle and bile him till he was redder than canned lobster." "What reply do you suppose that brute made to me who was serving him the best breakfast in the land? 'You old rendezvous of a starvation outpost, you ought to change your base. Your old man ought to give this hash-house a rest and enter you at a beauty show where they would n't mind a mild fragrance of dish-water. That ten-story neck of yours bobbing above your ancient shack, with your delicate hands bigger than a double circus-ring, and those lean legs of yours, longer than the Suez Canal and adorned with those wondrous feet that cover more acreage than the state of Texas, would make you a sure winner. Now hush your trumpet and pass the griddle-cakes or I'll kill you and the kid that is in you.'"

While it was plainly discernible that the mistress of the eating-station would soon have an heir, we were rather surprised at her gracious frankness in narrating so fully and freely the particulars of the morning's quarrel.

Smith of Bear City

“I continued, ‘You are getting mighty interesting. I’m proud to know myself, you old signboard of a cheap distillery,’ and I kept passing the compliments up to him, when my husband, who was in yonderroom, thought that I was in a military campaign and needed him to come up with the supports, and what did he do but draw a self-cocking revolver from my work-basket; but the poor man was never much of a gunner and his hand shook so that he shot himself in the knee. Bill thought the artillery had opened on him and he did not stop for his hot cakes. I think that you must have seen my husband. Did n’t you meet a pair of gray horses hitched to a dead-axe wagon, with a man stretched out at full length on the straw and with a driver taking him to Santa Fé to see the surgeon? Well, one thing my old man has learned,—he can shoot himself if he can’t hit anything else. Bill has just kept him in a chronic state of mortal terror for months, but he could n’t scare one side of me. Have another steak,

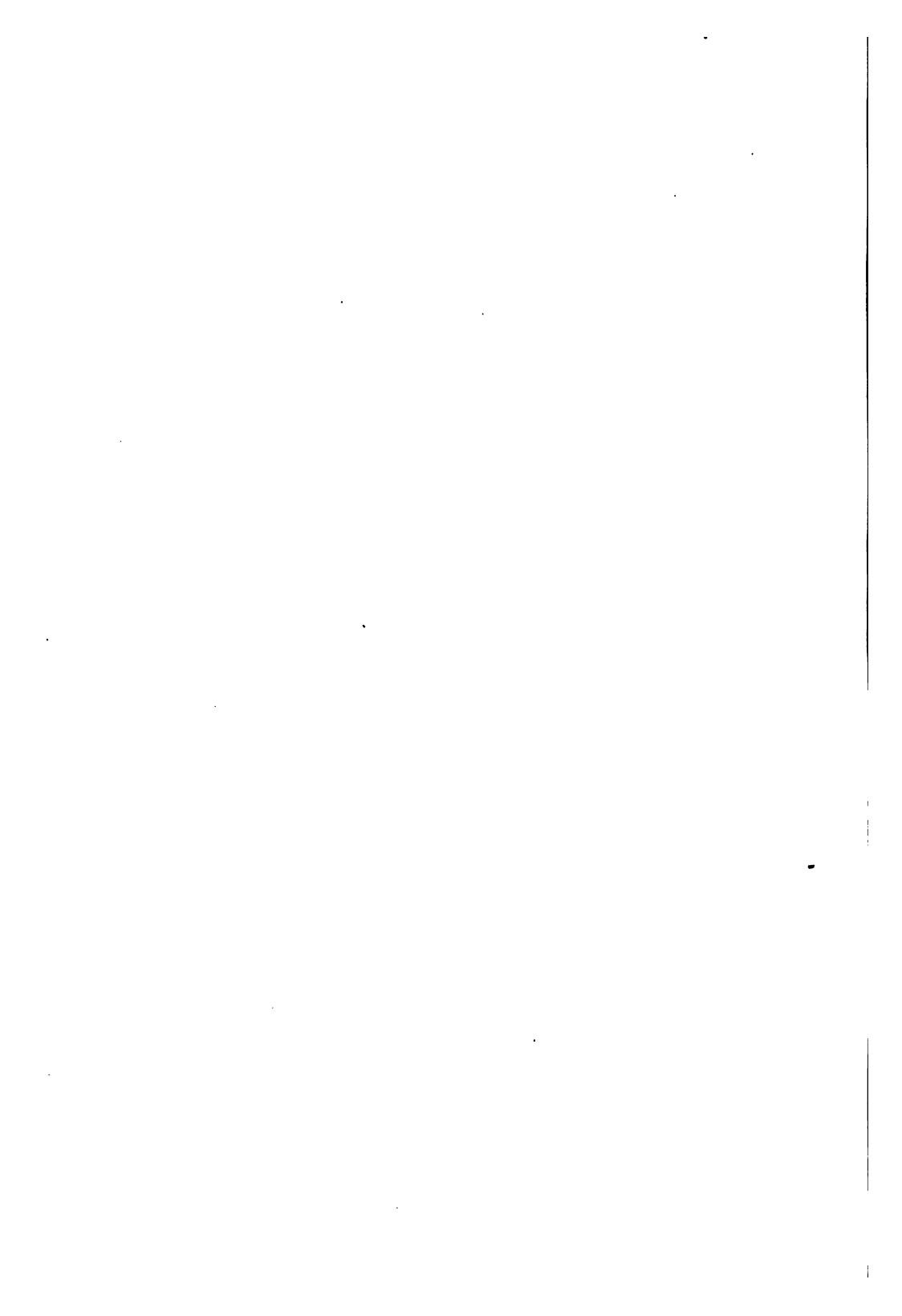
The Death of Curly Bill

sir? Here, try them hotter biscuits. More coffee?"

The tragedy had not materially lessened our appetites. We ate as if it were our last meal before a famine, and it certainly was to be our last good one until we should arrive at Mrs. Martin's, near the Point of Rocks.

On my return trip I heard the rest of the story. The wounded man arrived safely in Santa Fé and his condition was not considered serious; however, within a week from the date of the accident, lockjaw set in, and our landlady became a widow and a mother on the same day.

The civil engineer surrendered himself to the county authorities; he was exonerated by the coroner's jury, and returned to his work. He was never again molested by the bad men of the border, for his reputation had been established.



Soapy Smith

I HAVE never known just where to pigeon-hole Soapy Smith; a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde he certainly was. Meet him away from home, and what do we find,—a bunco-steerer, a tin-horn gambler, when not a proprietor where brace games were dealt, the associate of desperate ruffians, a professional bad man of the border and an adept in all lines and ways of winning the money of the unwary through nefarious schemes and devices ; in short, he was a leader in the flagrant lawlessness which marked the frontier days. He had the reputation of being afraid of neither man nor devil. No one was ever more ready to draw his gun and fight to the death; death mattered little to him if while he lived none dared to dispute his courage and his readiness to do, dare and die. In the lower strata of society he was admired and loved for his fearlessness and generosity and his faithful-

Smith of Bear City

ness to his associates when in trouble.

Wicked and sinister though he was to the outside world, and as merciless as a pirate in capturing booty, place him in his home among his own and we find a devoted husband and father, and across the threshold of this home no one of his evil companions was ever allowed to step. In his own home he was Mr. Jefferson Smith, a gentleman above reproach, and to his wife and children the dearly beloved who guarded them from all harm and bountifully provided for their every want, ministering to their happiness in every possible manner. Woe to the man, woman or child who dared bring sorrow to them or allude in any way to a life other than the one they knew. They lived a quiet life in Denver and were almost in solitude when at the beautiful country home in the San Juan.

But life was far from being solitary to this human paradox. I first saw him in the spring of 1879. Standing in front of the old Grand Central Hotel in Denver one day, I saw ap-

Soapy Smith

proaching me a man driving a bay horse hitched to a light buggy. He stopped by my side and lifted a box from the bottom of the buggy to the seat, and I noticed that it contained several cakes of soap. Looking me squarely in the face, he said, "Will you allow me to present you with fifty dollars?" I declined with thanks, though such benevolence might have received more consideration had I been familiar with his game.

"That's right, my boy. I admire independence that'll earn its own money and not be the recipient of charity, but they're not all built that way.

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Come gather round me, fellow-citizens, and rejoice, for I am going to invite you to a feast where money is served with every course. This morning it will be my pleasure to distribute several hundred dollars among those who gather here. I have more cash than I have any use for. I am no money fiend who wants to pile up gold to see the eagles gather. My soap is a universal

Smith of Bear City

blessing and my untarnished name is its heritage. It will cleanse your consciences; it will relieve your life's burdens. It's more than meat and drink. In my scheme of the brotherhood of man, I have a profit-sharing department. It's my business to sell soap; but listen: what do you find inside the wrappers? Perhaps it will be a hundred-dollar bill; perhaps it'll be a fifty, possibly a twenty or a ten. And if by chance you don't get the currency, why, you've got good honest soap that will brighten all the days of your life. Yesterday was a day of large profits, and this morning I must divide liberally with my fellowmen. I cannot stop to teach you how to play both ends, the top and bottom and the sides of every cake of soap, so as to land the greenbacks every trip; but if your eye is keen and your brain alert you will buy the cake wrapped in money, while if you are slow and stupid you will at least secure a valuable soap that will let you ride on its lather over the tallest ranges of the Rockies and through the

Soapy Smith

deepest mines, and if you don't stake the richest claims, it won't be my soap's fault. You may not win at faro; the roulette wheel may disappoint you; poker be your undoing; the race-track drive you to suicide; but my soap will float you over the sorrows and troubles of life and land you in the Elysian fields of perfect bliss. There is a great variety of tastes in this world, but there is an amazing agreement as to my soap, especially when I throw in the hundreds, the fifties, the twenties and tens at a clip. How I like to make my pocket-book look sick after a day's wandering! But all I have to do is to sleep and wake up in the morning to find that the profits from my soap sold in all lands will enable me to beat Old Nick and have three hundred and sixty-five Christmas days every year. Perhaps if you managed my factory you would prefer to spend a thousand dollars a day in newspaper ads., but I like the social way of meeting my friends and helping the boys that greet me, plain homely country-

Smith of Bear City

men like yourselves. Now, my friends, watch me while I fold the bills in the wrappers."

Then this great benefactor of mankind would pick up one cake after another, and seemingly place the bills inside the wrappers and put them back in the box in a most innocent and open way, as if he were anxious the watchers should select the packages containing the prizes.

When these preliminary arrangements were completed, he continued: "Gentlemen, if there is any man here in absolute need, let him come up, and if I find him worthy I will give him a stake." Probably some would have accepted this offer had not the condition deterred, and then, too, times were prosperous and almost every one seemed flush.

"Well, I see that there are no beggars here, but that you are all worthy men, and the only method for the distribution is for you to back your judgement on bids. How much am I offered for this cake of soap?"

The bidding between two of Smith's cap-

Soapy Smith

pers was spirited, but for twenty dollars Smith counted the one, two, three, and the successful capper showed his hundred dollars to the crowd and insisted upon proper thanks to the protesting Soapy. Smith then took up a cake which in his seemingly careless handling disclosed the hidden hundred-dollar bill. Bidding began; now was the time to be on one's guard, but an unwary onlooker bid it off finally for thirty dollars and got a good cake of soap. Not discouraged at this outcome, number three with a five-dollar bill got twenty dollars, which of course was followed by several unsuccessful bids from the spectators. It was not long before the crowd began to realize that it was a put-up job to rob their pocket-books rather than replenish them, and at this juncture Smith announced that as so few cared for money he would bid them good day. However he did not go far for other dupes, and was soon making his generous offers to another audience.

For several months during the early Lead-

Smith of Bear City

ville excitement and with the rush of emigrants to the mines, these daily soap sales continued to yield large profits. But as Smith's fame grew, his dividends dwindled, for the unenlightened constituents diminished, bids became small, and Smith abandoned the soap enterprise and returned to the saloon and gambling business and ward politics where he could herd the ballot-box stuffers so as to secure from the authorities immunity from police interference. At last Denver grew weary of his methods; he was arrested on the charge of vagrancy and fined a hundred dollars, which he paid and then left the city permanently.

When I next heard of Soapy Smith he was in Creede. Creede was the last of the mining towns in Colorado typical of the earlier frontier period. The gambling-halls were run wide open, and every kind of a brace game that could gather in the shekels was allowed and played.

One winter night when the snow was fall-

Soapy Smith

ing heavily and the cold was intense, and Smith's saloon was selling hot drinks as fast as a row of bar-tenders could supply them, a shabby and thinly clad man entered the room; his embarrassment made it evident that this was his first visit to a saloon and gambling-hall. He seemed to be looking for an office where he could present his inquiry; not seeing any such place he started toward the bar, then hesitated in a bewildered way, but finally with much diffidence made his way up to the counter. One of the men in white aprons laid a glass in front of him and asked what he would have; he managed to stammer that he had a letter for Mr. Jefferson Smith which he wished to present in person. Smith was seated in the "look-out" chair, watching a game of faro where the bets were heavy; the visitor was directed to this chair and presented the letter, and then stepped back to wait results.

The loafers and hangers-on soon recognized that the new arrival was probably an

Smith of Bear City

itinerant circuit rider, and thinking to while away the time by having a little sport with him they were profuse in their offers of tobacco and invitations to drink, and were generally guying him with annoying remarks while Smith was reading the letter. It was from his wife, and was a plea for him to befriend the minister and to assist him with the funds necessary to start a church. The theory that we hear set forth in these days that if we believe a man good, he will be so, was about to find a curious exemplification in—Mr. Jefferson Smith, shall we call him? He finished reading the letter, and then looking at the men who were tormenting the messenger, started toward them, shaking his fists violently, and said, “Don’t you dare to insult my friend; the next d—d cuss that makes fun of the parson I’ll fill so full of lead that there will be nothing left of him but solder.” There was a hurried standing back, a very polite lifting of hats as Smith led the man by the arm and walked him to

Soapy Smith

the front of the hall where the whole assemblage could be faced. A look-out chair platform was ordered to be brought, and standing on it Soapy began his address: "Gentlemen, you'll please be quiet." The admonition was hardly needed, for the proverbial pin could certainly have been heard, "Every dealer will turn his box down. The bar will serve no more drinks. Me and Jesus are going to run this place for the space of about half an hour, and we'll have no nonsense nor funny business, nor no interruptions to the speaker."

With this introduction, the self-constituted preacher continued: "My brother who stands here by my side has brought me a letter from the truest of the true; from one whose thoughts are as far above mine as the stars of heaven are above the deepest caverns of the earth; whose life has been a bright and shining light amidst the dark shadows of my wanderings; whose name no man could speak lightly of in my presence and live. I will not

Smith of Bear City

in the red lights of this hall and to my companions in the rapids mention her name. But she has asked me to assist this minister to start a church here and to befriend him in every way possible, and by G—d I will do it, and the Lord is going to have his innings right here in this whiskey shop."

It was interesting to watch the look of blank astonishment, wonder, disgust and alert curiosity which swept around the room. These men were certainly only too used to hearing the sacred name hurled about, but this was different. However, there was no time to speculate, for Soapy's words came thick and fast.

"I am not very fresh on the trail, and the Book from which to read the text is not handy, but the foundation facts you shall have just the same. When a Man tries to help you even if you don't understand His ways, and when His greatest of all love has been tested by His dying for sinners,—and I guess every cuss of you here will come under that

Soapy Smith

heading,—I say when such a Friend sends His representative to see you He is entitled to receive your attention and support. A mud hen can't become an eagle nor a burro a lion by any transformation at death, nor can any of us old pioneers of the down grade stack the cards so as to beat the Lord at His own game, and I for one am not going to try climbing the heights of glory when I know that I am ticketed for the through express that does n't make any stops this side of hell. Some of us may be too late for our brother's ministrations, but there are others here who have only just begun to go down hill, who don't take more than a dozen drinks a day, who have n't killed many men, who hain't recently held up a coach or a train, who have n't stole much and don't bet high at faro, and I just propose to turn them over to this soul-herder. The parson will give his receipt to the Lord for you; then if you don't like the shackles and want to return to the Bad Lands all you have got to do is to ring in a

Smith of Bear City

substitute, so as to keep our church number solid. Now how can a parson corral them unless he has a shop and the right kind of a layout to help on his work. That's the part I'm going to have for lastly, so I'll leave the financial side for a moment and get down to city patriotism.

"I believe a camp thrives best where all kinds of business get a fair show. What would our whiskey shops do if there were no mines? What would the mines do if there were no engineers, blacksmiths, steam-fitters, timber men and teamsters? What would become of our merchants if we did not get hungry, and if we wore blankets, and the women cared no more for style than a Ute squaw?"

This was a new rôle for the saloon-keeper, and he was perspiring from the force of his own eloquence, but he was not through yet and did not propose to stop until he had made a clean job.

"Now I cannot exactly state what present necessity our friend will fill. We have got

Soapy Smith

along thus far tolerably well without religion, but 'tain't very inspiring at funerals when the undertaker is the whole works. For my part I don't see what right we've got to call in the minister when we come into this world and when we go out, if we give him the cold shoulder the rest of the time. Perhaps it was lucky that when our friend Bob Ford was killed there was no parson in camp,—that is, lucky for the parson, for 'tain't fair to speak agin the dead, and I must allow the parson would have been up against a brace game in slinging happy conclusions at his wind-up.

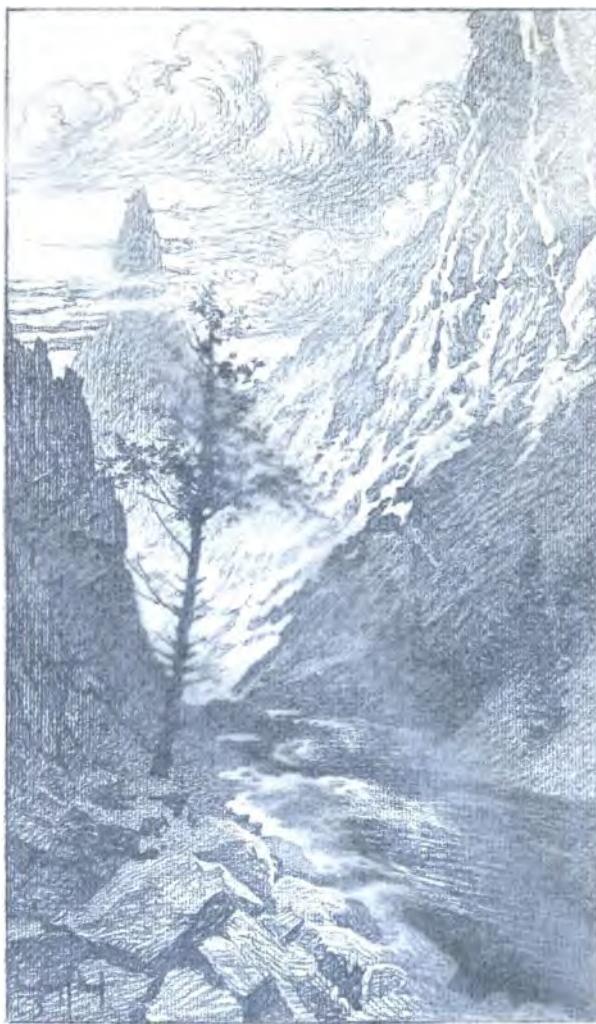
“Some of you miserable whelps over in yonder corner, who are so full you can't keep awake, will find it to your advantage to listen to my sermon or you'll have a longer sleep than you have bargained for, and the services of the parson will be needed sooner than he expected. I mean you, Whistling Dick Jones, and you too, Barbarian Brown, and a few more of you.

“Then there's another job that the parson

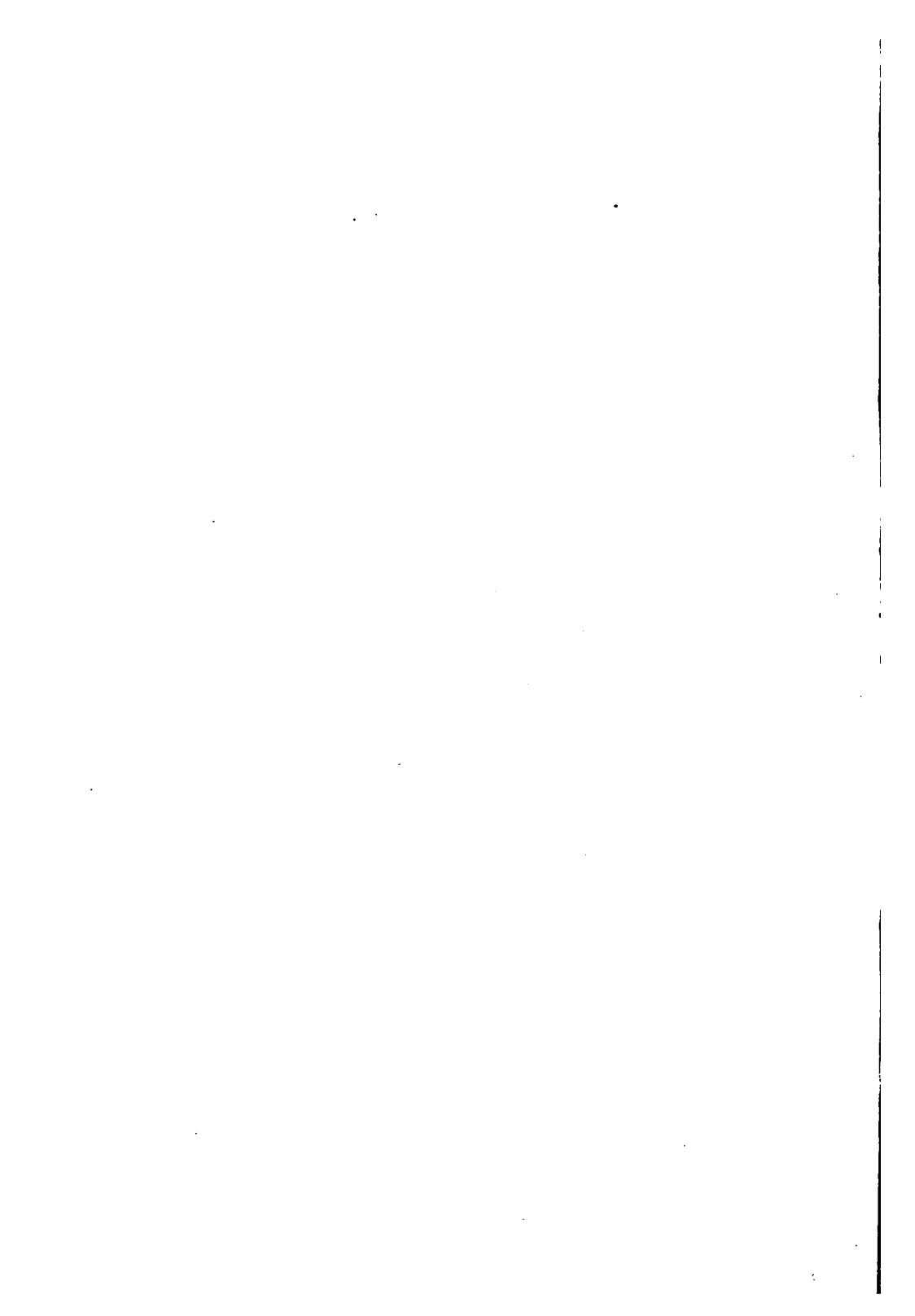
Smith of Bear City

can do slicker than any justice of the peace. Perhaps you men have forgotten that you have families 'way back East, but those of you who are eligible and believe in women and children and school-houses can figure with pleasure on a sober dealer at the wedding 'round-up,' and when it comes to the final show down and the kissing of the bride there will be no aroma of whiskey floating round like a sea fog in a dead calm.

"When Sunday comes you'll know it, and there will be other music than the dance-hall bill of fare. I long to hear the war-whoop of salvation resound through these eternal hills and to listen to the paens of the saints as they shout hallelujah, and with amens roaring like artillery. A regular dose of religion given you once a week will do you as much good as a bath in getting the blue smoke and brimstone out of your systems. So I say, let the effulgent rays of Methodism illumine your dark souls like a lighthouse on a rock-bound



"The mountains have a mind of their own."



Soapy Smith

coast. We shall get used to the preacher and he will get used to us, and we shan't know how to get along without each other. I tell you what, Creede is behind the times; we've got to have all the things there are on earth, and Creede must have a church, and we are going to build it. Now, boys, the jig is up to you. These everlasting hills that pierce the heavens, and will be here when you and I are dead and gone, must not look down in shame on a miser gang that denied the Lord's shepherd a living. My brother is a worthy man, but he can't play his game without his shop and his tools, and we've got to grub-stake him and raise the wad that will raise the temple. Now every man in this room has got to chip in nothing less than a dollar. If you haven't got a dollar, you have no business to be in a gambling-house. If there are any professional loafers and dead beats here, who think that my church is going to be a free-lunch stand, and they don't put in a dol-

Smith of Bear City

lar, ‘now is the time to withdraw’—that’s a regular parson phrase.

“I’ll start the game with a fifty dollars, and while the band plays ‘Honey, yo’s made a hit with me,’ I’ll pass round the hat. Any of you who’s got credit but with no cash handy, I’ll stake, but no nickels and no small change goes.” Above the sound of fumbling in pockets could be heard the drop of Soapy’s fifty dollars in gold. Not a man in the house save the parson, to whom the opportunity of contributing was not extended, failed to donate according to the limit laid down, though two or three persons borrowed their dollars from Smith. The contribution amounted to three hundred and fifty dollars. Soapy’s disappointment was evident. “Parson,” he said, “I’m sorry, but I’m afraid that we are a little shy on cash. Three hundred and fifty dollars is n’t enough to start in business with; you can’t do a good job on a cent less than seven hundred dollars. You don’t want a coal-bin

Soapy Smith

for a church, and you ain't going to have it. Why, the Lord and the Devil would both be ashamed of it. Now, if you were a dead game sport, I should ask you to stake the three hundred and fifty dollars on the high card."

The poor parson looked a shade paler, as if scared for fear he might be forced to do the Devil's work to earn his money. But Soapy came to his rescue by saying that possibly he might not know a deuce from a king and that he would put a dollar on the high card for the church, and if it won he might get his seven hundred dollars. Whether the dollar on the high card won or lost, the minister could not have told to save his life, but he did know that Soapy Smith handed him seven hundred dollars, and that there was a rousing cheer from the spectators and that he managed to add a loud amen. He also grasped Smith's hand vigorously and tried to thank him, but words failed and tears took their place as they walked to the door where

Smith of Bear City

he received a final wish of good luck from Smith.

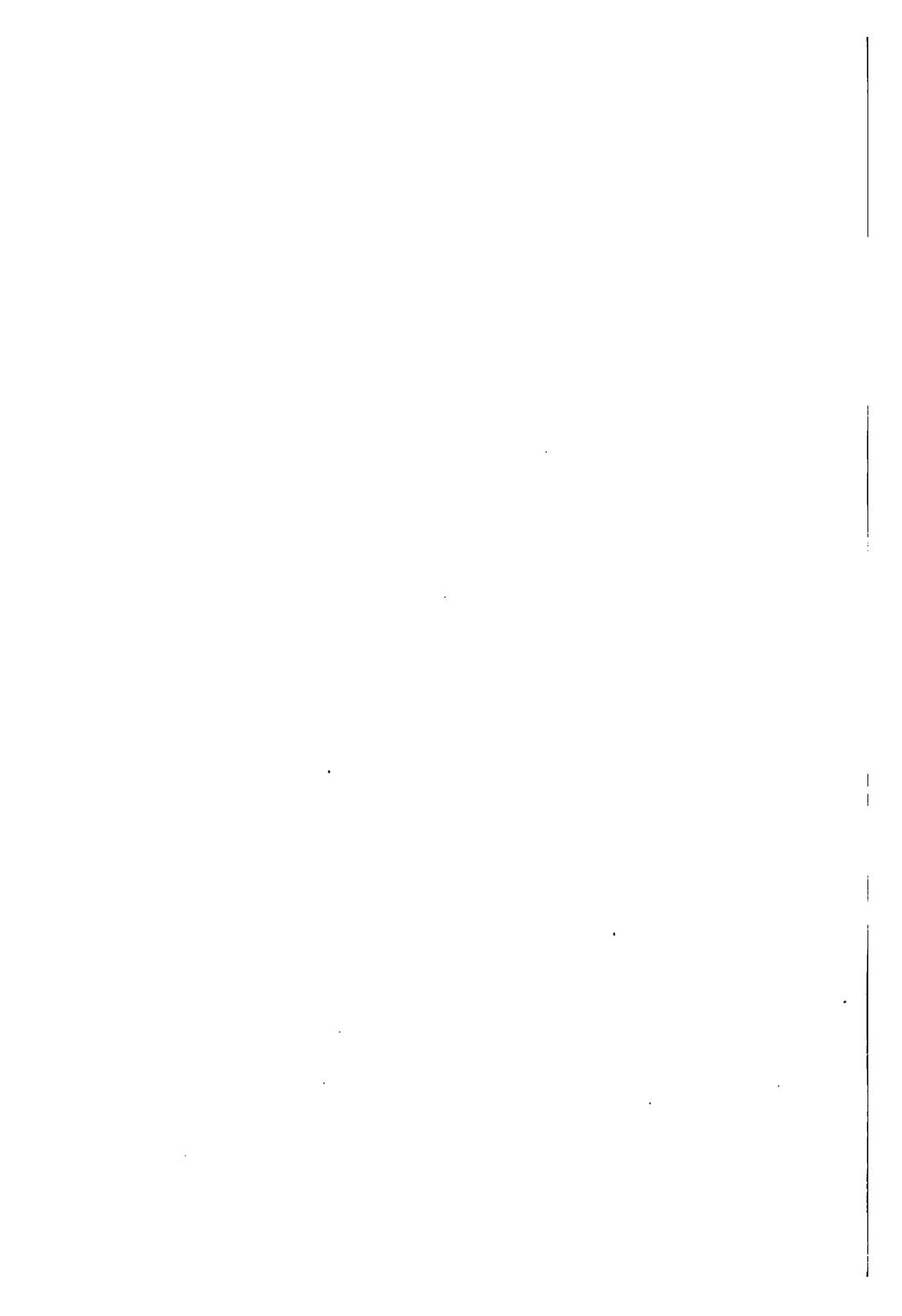
In three minutes the unusual interruption was a thing of the past and as if it had not been; the games were in full blast and glasses were rattling.

When the Klondike excitement was at its height, Smith emigrated to Skagway and became the proprietor of the largest saloon and gambling-hall there; he was politically the most influential man in the city government and was known as the Shah of Skagway. He decided that the influence and emoluments of chief of police would best promote his business and ambition, and he doubtless would have secured that office had he lived a few days longer. The end came quickly; in frontier phrase, he died of "defective vision," that is, the other fellow with the gun saw him first.

He was far from wife and children when his tragic career ended; their sorrow was deep, and in anguish the widow exclaimed, "The

Soapy Smith

**dearest husband and the most devoted father
has left us." It was well, for thus the incog-
nito was maintained to the last.**



The Cook from Texas

AN EXPERIENCE OF FRANK R. CULBERTSON
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE TIGER MINE

DIG in the dirt, swing a pickaxe, do anything, but don't attempt to feed people: it's the most thankless task on the face of the earth; above all things, don't undertake to run a boarding-house in a mining camp, unless you are prepared to wield a revolver in one hand and a pie-knife in the other. But I did n't set out to write a second "Don't."

I have never read historical works on the subjects of cooks and the best sources of supply and the ethics of their profession, but from my experience I judge that they do not obtain their positions because of any knowledge of the culinary art. Indeed, it is now my impression that when everything else fails they set up as first-class, experienced cooks. Doubtless some of the Chinese order are held in high esteem because of their skill in

Smith of Bear City

economizing the waste and making it filling,—in short, being able to do what a Chicago cook advertised as his specialty,—“re-do victuals.”

Much against my will I was forced to supervise the management of the boarding-house of the Tiger Mine in Burke, Idaho. We did not plan to make it a money-making scheme, but simply desired to furnish good wholesome food that would enable our men to do efficient work in the mines and mills. Complaints and ingratitude were our only reward. Our beef dated from antiquity; our lamb was roast billy-goat; our cured meats were soaked in the ocean; our fish had swum round the ark, and there was a unanimous decision that our menu should be thoroughly overhauled. In vain we tried to soothe their feelings and tickle their palates with French-titled dishes, but an inordinate fondness for American pie seemed to dwarf all other gastronomical desires. I tried to cater to the various nationalities and kept the wires hot

The Cook from Texas

ordering a wonderful variety of what I hoped would remind them of home, but the pie of their adopted country seemed to have supplanted all culinary patriotism.

I was constantly reminded of an old fellow in the East who, upon making his only visit to a large city and being handsomely served with an up-to-date breakfast, said, "I wonder if we could get any pie out of these fellows; I never set down to no meal of victuals to home only when I have pie."

It became necessary to place a sign in the dining-room, and it read like this: "Beloved boarders, hereafter no pie will be served for breakfast, by order of the superintendent." With what result? I was denounced as an aristocratic tyrant, utterly unmindful of the needs of the working-man. A petition for the restoration of the breakfast pie was circulated and unanimously signed. I yielded, but we lacked oven capacity, and the morning supply of pie was often insufficient for the insatiate demand.

Smith of Bear City

Life became burdensome to the cooks and resignations soon became more numerous than applications. I realized that soon the supply of cooks would give out unless the appetites for pie became more normal.

One day I was informed that the State Federation of Cooks was about to black-list me and that my two cooks intended to leave before sundown. The closing of the boarding-house seemed imminent, and that could only be followed by the shutting down of the mine. I was contemplating the cowardly procedure of flight before the final disaster and before I should be worn to a shadow, when my office door opened and in walked as tall and onery looking a cuss as ever mortal eye beheld. His shirt-front was covered with tobacco juice, and his hands showed that he was a full-fledged member of the conclave of the Great Unwashed, but sweeter words never flowed from mortal lips: "Boss, do you want a cook?" Did I want a cook? Did ever a human being want one half so much? I could have

The Cook from Texas

embraced him then and there, and hastened to express my admiration for his useful profession and my desire to secure his perpetual services. However, I deemed it my duty to warn him of the dangers and trials ahead of him. As I ended the story of my woes and of what he would have to endure, unless he had a patent for quick action on pies, he drew himself up to a height that seemed to me of ten feet and assumed an air as invincible as the combined navies of the world, and said, "I'd like to see the colour of the man's eyes who would ask me a second time for pie for breakfast. You and I can make a dicker, I reckon;" and we did.

The eventful morning came. The miners and mill men ate their mush and meat, and then there arose war-whoop yells for pie. The waiters responded that all such delicacies would thereafter be omitted from the morning rations, under order of the new kitchen authority. Authority, indeed! they would see where the authority lay. They did not pro-

Smith of Bear City

pose to be thus again thwarted in their epicurean plans, and proceeded to express themselves in forcible language—when behold there stood before them the above-named authority plus a Winchester rifle and a self-cocking revolver, both drawn for action. “I am on a hunt for gentlemen who want pie for breakfast. I am a most peaceable man, but there’s one thing that always makes the bullets fly, and that is to see the boarders with no more discretion than to call for pie for breakfast; and when I assist in putting them under ground, I always build them a pie monument, on which the inscription reads: ‘I wanted pie and got earth. The cook from Texas planted me.’”

Every one seemed intent upon eating his breakfast. “Well, boys, I admire your wholesome appetites. Don’t ever forget that I know what’s best for you. I am the king of mush-makers, a monarch in bread-making, an all-round champion on roasts, a ’way-up master of the doughnut art, forked light-

The Cook from Texas

ning on dinner pies,—in fact, I'm the boss cook of the Lone Star State, and the man don't live that's got anything against Texas. I think you will like my fodder when you get used to it, but be careful and don't hurt my feelings."

For the next few days satisfied looks and pleasant smiles seemed to betoken that the pie problem had been satisfactorily solved; but such was not the case. The troubles between the Mine Owners' Association and the Miners' Union became serious, and the latter decided that the cook from Texas must migrate to another clime, and four stalwart miners were detailed to persuade him to this course by approved weapons, and to conduct him to the next out-going train. I did not succeed in getting him to follow this advice until he had got action and shot one of the party.

The next day I received a telegram, "Is my job still open to me?" signed "C. from T." Upon being informed that it was, he said

Smith of Bear City

that a pard of his from San Antonio had just arrived, and there were not enough men in Burke to scare them, and that he would return on the next train. They arrived with their Winchesters in their hands and their Colt's "navies" in their belts, and marched to the boarding-house.

A few days later the troubles at the Cœur d'Alene mines became serious. The detectives employed by the Mine Owners' Association reported that my cook would surely be assassinated. Not wishing to longer endanger the life of so highly valued a servant, I induced him to accept a position as head cook with a mining friend in a more peaceable camp. He left none too soon, for the next day came the battle at the Gem Mine, and the striking miners held violent possession of most of the mines, and some of the marked men disappeared from the active scenes of earth.

Satan, the Burro

HOW HE DISCOVERED THE BUNKER HILL AND SULLIVAN
MINES AT WARDNER, IDAHO

IN the year —— there might have been seen silhouetted against a clear Idaho evening sky an old burro, Satan by name. Perhaps we might say that he had a meditative air; he had been making effective use of his voice, and now seemed awaiting results. Down below, a man could be seen hurrying up the cliff in no pacific frame of mind. The situation was all very simple and uninteresting,— the animal had wandered off, and the owner had had a long hunt and chase to find him, —why relate it?

Sitting in his office in New York, or perhaps in Threadneedle Street, London, at a somewhat later period, a rich South African engineer might have been seen reading his mail gathered from all quarters of the globe. What is his connection with the burro? you

Smith of Bear City

ask. The old creature is very fond of telling his story, if you have the patience to listen.

“Yes, they say I am getting old and garrulous; some say, too, that the world moves in a circle, and my having concluded that it is time for one of my race to again use the language of men may support the theory; the less pessimistic say that the circle is a spiral, and so to-day you shall hear my tale in the on-moving, world-conquering English. We would not have you think we have not expressed ourselves since our distinguished ancestor took upon his tongue the ancient Hebrew, else you would not listen to me now. We have discussed among ourselves—in a language perchance you thought unmusical—the social animal problems, men’s duty in kind treatment of beasts; and though we have been so unwise as to bewail our sorrows and sufferings at times, our sunny nature has asserted itself until we have been styled the ‘canaries of the Rocky Mountains.’

“Such distinction as is laid upon me may

Satan, the Burro

permit a personal word ere I tell my story. With the humans the date of one's birth comes first. For myself, I don't remember when I was born, but now when I am always weary and have tired, aching bones, it seems many years since I used to follow my mother and spend days that seemed short, so busy was I playing and drinking milk. I have endured hardships with patience and fortitude. I have been nearly starved in a land of plenty. I have received cruel blows when my willing labours should have been followed by comfort. I have borne heavy burdens from early morning until the taskmasters were worn out, and when the burro band of brothers to which I belonged was turned loose to seek forage, then we were seized by wicked boys and ridden for miles, and the ones who swung the heaviest clubs and used the sharpest spurs and covered the longest distances were most lauded.

“Why was I called Satan? That’s one of the mysteries as well as sorrows of my life.

Smith of Bear City

It is the commonest name among our tribe; I suppose because the western miner has an extra supply of nether-world terms to be disposed of wherever we are concerned. Another mystery is that my favourite brother, who is n't half so patient and submissive as I am, and who I admit has a vicious temper, is called Goody. Now my disposition is serene and I could have made a gentle family pet if Herod had not killed all the good boys in the early A. D. I can't understand these strange ways.

“And here is another contradiction,—I am a prohibitionist, and yet with humiliating regret I am compelled to acknowledge that my owner is a saloon-keeper in Spokane. My master has a poor supply of delicacies for an animal that practises total abstinence. His beer-kegs I abhor (I am sorry to say that Goody likes the sour beer-drippings). There are no delicate morsels in his abandoned cheese cases, and what is thrown to us from the free lunches of the bar is too salt, and his sardines are Maine herring packed in poor

Satan, the Burro

oil which gives an unpleasant odour to the cans which are served to us.

“But you are in a hurry for my tale. You shall have it, and shall see that with all our woes the law of compensation holds good in our little world as well as in yours.

“During the Cœur d’Alene mining excitement I used to hear old man Kellogg urge my master to fit out a prospecting trip; and one day an extra prick of my long ears brought the welcome words that I would make an ideal beast for packing the grub-stake and camping outfit. My brain was on fire with this first appreciative word; the friendly hand on my neck, the cracker and apple and sugar that followed, roused all my loyalty and generosity. If he would but take me with him we should not return, I resolved, till we had located as valuable a mine as could be found in the Cœur d’Alene country. I had listened to the descriptions of the country, and I could smell lead quartz when miles away from it; it could and should be

Smith of Bear City

done, and I felt a new life creeping into my weary bones.

“An agreement was finally entered into, and old man Kellogg, C. Rouke, Dutch Jake, the gambler, and Con. Sullivan were, in mining parlance, grub-staked by my master. We burros were loaded and ready to start, but unalloyed happiness was not to be my portion. To hold views at variance with one's surroundings is always discomfiting. I noticed with regret that my master had brought some bar glasses and a demijohn of whiskey, and after the whole party had drunk rather freely, Dutch Jake suggested that it might bring them good luck to treat us burros to the fire-water. So my unscrupulous master filled the glass with whiskey and put in a choice lump of sugar, and then said very politely, ‘Satan, let us take a drink together before we part.’ I do not claim to be a model donkey, and I know that I have a decided weakness for sweets and I longed for the sugar in the bottom of the glass; but my Kan-

Satan, the Burro

sas ancestry helped to fortify me against the wiles of the tempter and so I brayed at him long and loud, until he was almost stunned by my voice and hurried away to brother Goody, who, I am sorry to say, emptied the glass with one gulp and brayed for more.

“Nothing of interest occurred during the next few weeks. My life was a monotonous round of travel. Our prospecting party met with ill success. They found no placer gold near the streams nor any ledges carrying values in the hills. They wandered up and down the cañons and across high mountain ranges, and the profanity of the whole party shockingly increased. Finally, when the grub-stake was nearly gone, Jake, the gambler, took my brother Goody and went to Spokane for more supplies. They were gone several days, and on their return reported that my master was weary putting up hard cash for prospectors who had in return given nothing but vigorous appetites, and he ordered them to quit work for him and to bring Satan home.

Smith of Bear City

But Jake was no quitter. He had a little credit at the stores, and so Goody brought back to us a limited load of supplies. I realized that the new grub-stake would last but a few days. I hated to see old man Kellogg stranded and I knew that life would be less tolerable for me after a losing expedition; so for reasons both generous and prudential I began to study the geological formation of the country and the character of the rocks. As I said before, I can smell lead ore miles away, and I resolved to find a lead silver mine at once. When night came and my pack was taken off, I gazed innocently at old Kellogg as if saying, 'I shall be grazing about the camp and there will be no trouble in finding me in the morning.' After relieving my faintness with some choice grass, I began to sniff for lead. I carefully tried the south, but there were no indications of ore there; then I subjected each angle of the west to careful survey by exhaustive suction and inhalation, but not the faintest suggestion of

Satan, the Burro

lead could I detect; slowly and carefully I tested the north, but no success there. Almost in despair I began to try the east; forty-five degrees, fifty, sixty-five degrees, I had turned in the circuit, and no lead. Had my name been truly descriptive I should have begun to curse the country and swear like Dutch Jake and might have quit altogether, but I am a persevering plodder. As I touched the seventy-third degree east I caught a faint leaden odour from a source a long way off, and hoping that at another range it might be stronger, I completed the circuit, but found no other indications of mineral. So standing on the seventy-third degree again, I made a thorough examination of the exact direction, and not wishing to lose more time by stopping for further sniffs, I calculated the correct bearings by the stars and then started for the ore lodes. After walking a few miles that peculiar lead odour which in its natural state is made manifest only to burros grew so strong that I did not need to

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consult the stars for further guidance. I was so intensely excited that for the first time in my life of my own accord I began to trot and then to lope with all speed. A few moments of wild galloping brought me to the largest ledge of lead silver ore that up to the present date has been located in Idaho. After examining it carefully and deciding that I had discovered a bonanza, I lay down and took a much needed rest, enjoying the longest sleep of my life, as fortunately there were no boys in this wilderness and the pack of the prospectors was far away. After a delicious breakfast of shrubs I began to deliberate; my first impulse in my eagerness was to rush back to my prospectors and bring them to my prize. However, on second thought, remembering that humans have never discovered any odour in unmelted lead ore, and that none of my prospectors were even fair linguists, I hesitated to adopt this method, fearing that I might be driven back to Spokane. So I decided to remain by my discovery and lift up

Satan, the Burro

my voice from there, hoping it would toll my friends on to me. My voice is resonant and of good carrying quality, but my continual powerful action was making me hoarse when I heard old man Kellogg say, ‘There’s the old devil sitting on the top of a d—d big ledge.’ Though I did n’t care to be called by any less polite term than Satan, I was mightily glad to see the old fellow, and I gave a terrific roar and began kicking off the cap rock of the ledge so that he could see the pay streak. He came puffing up quite out of breath and glaring at me savagely, and I feared he was going to strike me for having given them such a long search, when suddenly he stopped and, giving a wild hurrah, called to his companions, ‘Come up here; I’ll be damned if Satan has n’t struck it rich!’

“I enjoyed seeing the old boys dance a jig and hearing their happy prophecies and bright prospects of again visiting their boyhood homes ’way down East; and even Dutch Jake, who loved me least of all,—and I am

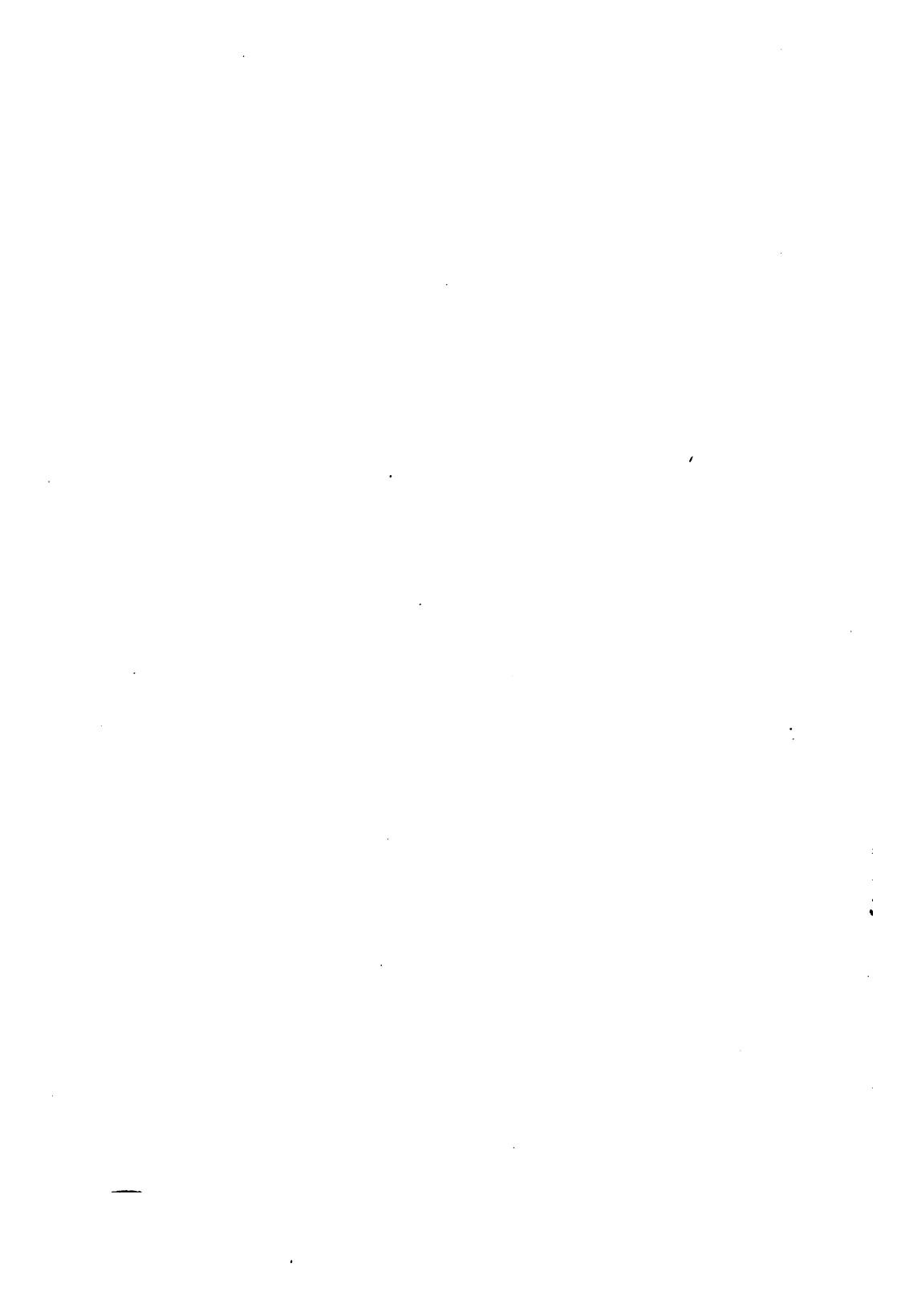
Smith of Bear City

not conscious of having ever won much affection in my life,—would gladly have showered me with sugar and turned me loose for a ~~thing~~.

“The prospectors located two claims, and after long discussion one was called Bunker Hill and the other Sullivan. Old Kellogg thought that the Bunker Hill should have been named after me as the discoverer, but he was overruled. If they had only agreed to this and changed my name to Bunker Hill, it would have been a grateful recognition of my services and its moral significance would have been highly appreciated, but no such good fortune was in store for me. I suppose they thought a Satan by any other name would bray as loud.

“I was greatly troubled when I read the creation notices on the monuments and saw no mention of my owner. Though I had no kindness for my liquor-selling master, still as a good moral beast my sense of justice was disturbed; and, too, with the acquisition of





Satan, the Burro

a competency I hoped for his reformation. But when I gave voice to my sentiments and proclaimed loudly, 'Rob not my master of his dues,' my only recognition was a volley of stones from Con Sullivan and Dutch Jake.

"After sinking the ten feet necessary to hold the locations for one year, we all returned to Spokane. News of my discovery was heralded throughout the city, but the version gave me no credit for intelligence, explaining it on the low plane of animal instinct. It was stated that when the day's travel was over the burros were turned loose for forage, and that as the night was cold I wandered off seeking shelter and hid under some projecting rocks, and that the search for me brought them to the overhanging bluff where the ledge of ore could not help being seen. But even allowing this account to be correct, my master claimed that as I was part of the stakes put up for the prospecting, and that as the discovery was due to where I was found, he was entitled to a

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share in the ownership.

“Meanwhile John Hays Hammond and Victor M. Clement had bonded the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mines to Reed of Portland for a million dollars from the original locators as appeared on the book of records. My master secured an injunction forbidding the payment and distribution of the money until his rights to a share in the ownership were established. I longed for the day to come when the courts of our land should decide the status and property qualifications of burros, hoping that it would make us more valuable to men,—and incidentally secure more abundant rations. Unfortunately either old man Kellogg had pressing need for money, or he was afraid that my master's claim through me would be established, and so a settlement out of court was agreed upon. The Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mining and Concentrating Company was sold and incorporated, with John Hays Hammond as president and Victor M. Clement as superinten-

Satan, the Burro

dent. I saw both of these distinguished mining gentlemen on their first visit to Spokane.

"I have often wondered if John Hays Hammond ever appreciated the part I played in his life. Had I not discovered the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mines which led to his being president of the consolidated property, would the Barnato brothers ever have heard of him and engaged him as consulting engineer in charge of their mines on the Rand? Had he not gone to Africa he would not have been condemned to the gallows for his zealous advocacy of Anglo-Saxon domination and his fearless courage in resisting taxation without representation. My ledge of ore, I reckon, stood him in good stead when he had to pay the one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to escape the fifteen years' imprisonment to which the gallows was commuted. Had he not endured this terrible ordeal and escaped unharmed and his fame become world-wide, would his knowledge

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and ability as one of the most trusted authorities on mining values have been recognized? Good luck to him, and may his shadow never grow less, for he is one of the few of my acquaintances who never called me Satan."

Mother Corbett and her Table

As we drove up to Mother Corbett's door at Snake River Crossing, Idaho, I saw my friend George L. Tracy hurriedly leaving the house. To be specific, Mother Corbett had gathered him up by the nape of the neck and the sweep of the breeches and was flinging him out of the door. It was evident what the trouble was; we knew Mother Corbett's table, we knew Tracy's unguarded tongue. In an unhappy moment he had commented on the absence of the usual molasses for sweetening the coffee.

To be driving up to Mother Corbett's door was proof positive that one needed a good square meal. It meant that one had been through miseries little dreamed of by those whose knowledge of overland coaches has been gained from Bill Cody's Wild West Show, or whose ideas of Indians have come from the peaceful specimens who discharge

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firearms with harmless pleasantry at these same shows. It meant long weary days on the alkali plains and the sand wastes; it meant climbing precipitous mountains when the driver would shout, "All get out and give the horses a lift;" it meant the possibility of meeting Indians on the war-path and losing one's scalp; it might mean being put to the inconvenience of having to give one's money and valuables to "road-agents." If these troubles were weathered, the next thing in order was to pay a dollar to be served with a cold meal, save the pepper-sauce,—tough beef and rancid bacon, or perchance goat meat, and biscuits as hard as the rocks outside.

Tracy had found some such meal placed before him; had made a remark, and—went hungry, for Mother Corbett's ways were not disputed by her patrons. She was tall, rough, uncouth, of immense frame, equally expert in the use of fists, shot-gun or revolver, and declared that she was afraid of no one, male,

Mother Corbett and her Table

female, white, black or Indian.

Not all guests, however, left Mother Corbett's table hungry; indeed, one might have quoted feelingly Shakespeare's words, "Either too much at once, or none at all." There was a whiskey drummer who seated himself one morning for breakfast at Mother Corbett's table. He was weary, cold and hungry, and in a condition in which wholesome food would have been thoroughly appreciated. The breakfast was brought on,—could he eat it? It seemed impossible, and in an unfortunate moment he characterized the beef as coming from the horns, the bacon as smelling to heaven, the biscuits as being as mysterious in their composition as the pyramids, and the coffee as having the aroma of his childhood's catnip. His more experienced fellow-travellers kept silent and trembled for the outcome, but to their great surprise Mother Corbett only smiled and seemed to take all in good part. But one can smile and smile and be a villain still, as the poor man experienced when

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he handed his landlady a five-dollar gold piece and stood waiting for his change.

“Have you not had your money’s worth?” she asked.

“I would n’t write a ten-cent check for all I have had if I were worth a million dollars,” replied the drummer, still unmindful of the snare he was laying for himself.

“You shall have your money’s worth if you have to wait over until the next stage. Sit down.”

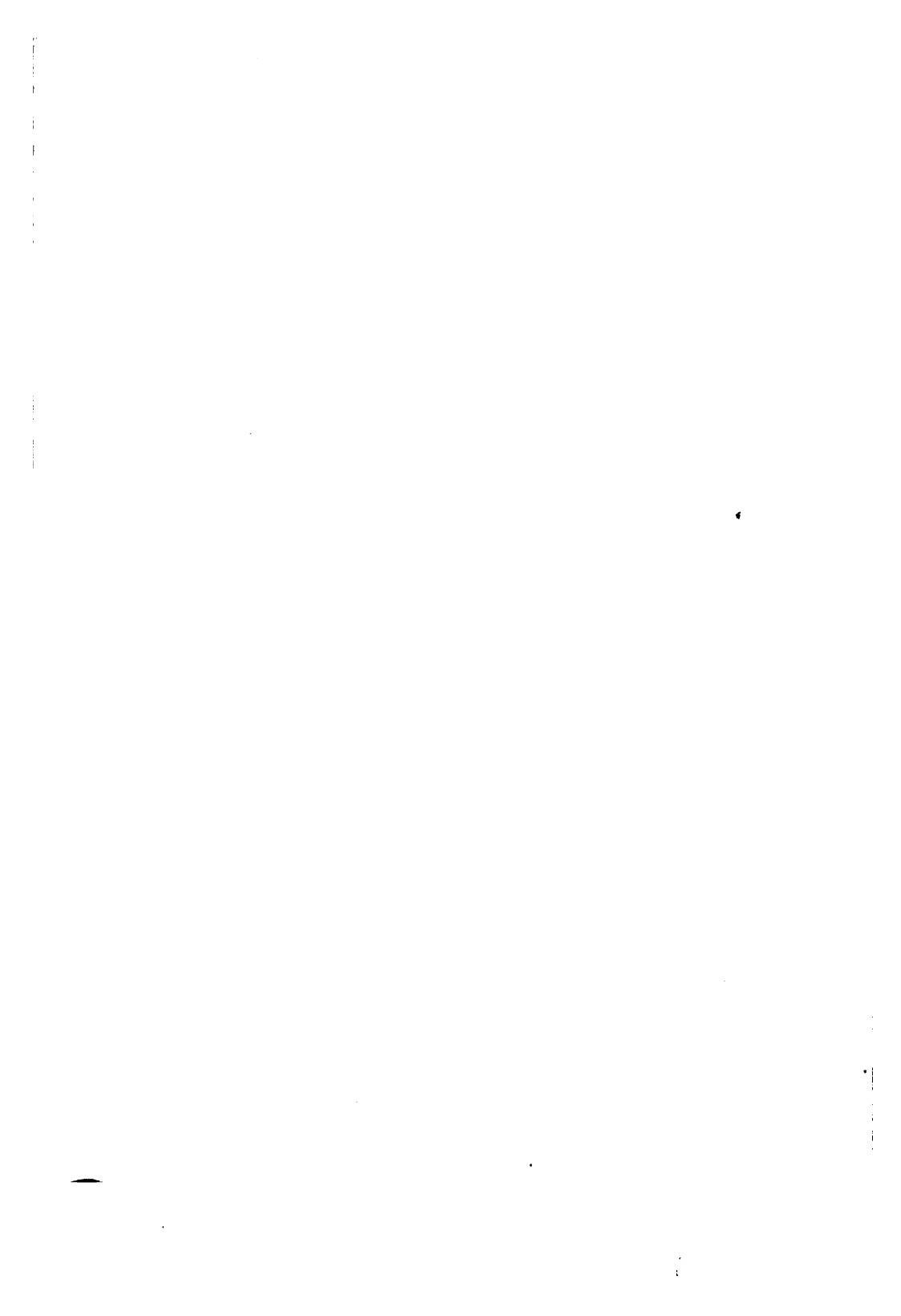
He looked at Mother Corbett—he looked at her weapon, and thought best to obey.

“Clean up that platter of bacon,” commanded Mother Corbett, “and I’ll see that you have more when that is gone. Empty that plate of pyramidal biscuits, and don’t forget the catnip tea,—you may need it before you have had your money’s worth. Hurry up and pick the horns of that ox a little faster; we don’t want you to miss the next stage, for you are too expensive a boarder to keep.”

Mother Corbett and her Table

The unhappy man made good headway for a season, but at length, when the limit seemed reached, he looked appealingly at Mother Corbett and said, "Dear Mother Corbett, I am sorry that I judged wrongly of your food when I was simply sampling it. Now that I have partaken generously I find it most satisfying, but I am no glutton. Please excuse me, for I have had my money's worth."

"Eat," was the grim response, and the cocking of her revolver had a wonderfully stimulating effect on his appetite. It was only when the stage driver interceded and begged that the stage be no longer detained that the unfortunate man was released.



Gentle Annie

IN one of those fortuitous lulls which sometimes occur for an instant amid a din of conflicting noises, Annie's quick ear caught a distant sound; a shadow crossed her face and an indescribable look came into her eyes. In that second of time, with a drowning man's vision, she had seen other scenes, other faces, another kind of Sunday, another Annie. She saw herself picking a snowdrop and thinking how round and symmetrical and pure it was. Strange that the memory of that little flower, after lying dormant for fifteen years, should rise up to strike against her conscience! But begone such spectres. Why look back?—business is good, the mines are booming, and the boys are flush.

Charlie Baker, the gentlemanly proprietor of the Oasis Saloon, looked with satisfaction upon his green baize faro tables at which every seat was occupied and standing room

Smith of Bear City

was being eagerly sought. A wild, uncouth crowd were placing heavy stakes on their favourite cards, and losing or winning with the quiet indifference of born gamblers. The wealth of smiles which Gentle Annie and her associate bar-maids lavished upon their patrons spoke still more eloquently of the richness of the mines and the liberality of the camp. Annie had been the belle of the bar from the moment of her arrival, and being then the first white woman in the camp had received the title of Gentle Annie in honour of her sex rather than in recognition of any special trait of character.

Pizen Baker's title, on the contrary, was gained through sheer force of character, shall we call it, or was it a liberal supply of dare-deviltry? Now Pizen Baker was the principal saloon-keeper of Bixby, and let us testify to his wonderful despatch, dexterity and generosity in serving drinks and in dispensing good nature.

When Bixby was young, Curly Bill and

Gentle Annie

his desperate band of cow-boys from the San Simon district had tried to take the town during one of their wild drunken carousals. Sam Leslie, the terror of the camp, had been forced by Bill to run like a race-horse and had left the town without bag or baggage, never to return. But when Baker was ordered to take off his hat to the cow-boy king, his luminous black eyes flashed fire, and with a cool indifference to his peril he had puffed his cigar smoke into the tyrant's face, remarking, "I can't do it, boss; I might ketch cold." Bill glared savagely at this martial dispenser of drinks and paused, as well he might before a man as desperate as himself. They both belonged to that class on the frontier who expect to die by the hand of their fellow-man, and it mattered little when, so long as they were game to the end. Yes, for once Bill paused, and with a milder look in his eyes said: "I know a brave man when I see one. I respect a chap who is ready to close the deal any minute and who would rather

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take lead pizen than whimper. Shake!" So the interview ended, and Charlie Baker had acquired the name of Pizen Baker, which clung to him thereafter as an heroic christening in the baptism of fire.

It was Sunday. The proprietor of the Oasis Saloon knew it and had offered profane thanks for the increased receipts which the leisure of that day invariably brought. The large hall was gay with gilding, pictures and mirrors, and was thronged with men who had drifted away from the restraints of family and society, religion and law, and in an eager, reckless struggle for gold had become strangely demoralized.

The busy hum of voices ceased; and as the dealers were calling out, "Make your game, gentlemen," they were interrupted by a sudden and general desire on the part of the players to get their chips cashed. Some one —no one knew who—had announced that Curly Bill and his San Simon band were nearing the camp. In an incredibly short

Gentle Annie

time Baker and Annie found themselves alone, but undismayed by the news which had produced such general consternation. Thirstier and more dusty horsemen never rode. They cursed and raved as they passed this and that street and found the saloons closed and the dance-halls deserted. Though their pride might be fed by this mark of distinction, they were too thirsty to find it satisfying.

“Never give up,” exclaimed their leader; “there is one more chance yet. I’ll bet all the stock that wears horns against a prickly pear that Baker’s shop will be open and that this blamed alkali won’t stick long in our throats. Hooray! there’s the old lad himself, with his face gleaming and his bottles full of the right kind of stuff.”

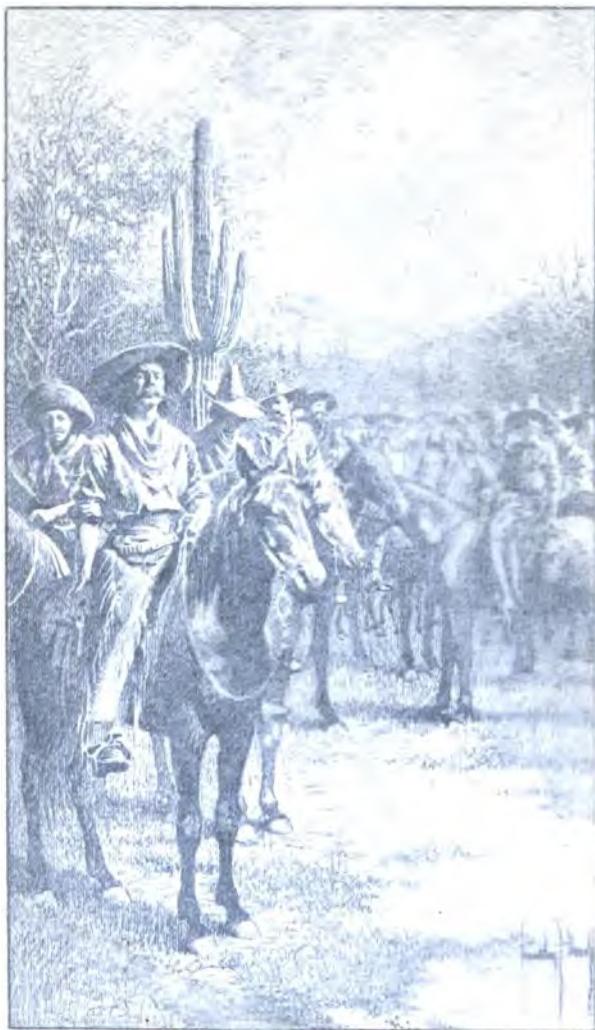
Before dismounting, the cow-boys fired a salute, partly in honour of Baker and their arrival and partly as an intimidation to real or fancied enemies. They were the model citizens of a democracy where the knife and pistol

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were the accoutrements of social distinction.

Curly Bill, the leader, was as ugly-looking a man as one might ever hope to meet, and he was proud of the distinction. His unkempt red hair stood out in every direction in utter defiance of the civilizing sway of the comb. His face was wrinkled, freckled and seamed, all of which was gratifying to Bill, since thereby his frowns and scowls were rendered the more hideously compelling. Such a man was by divine right of force the central figure around whom gathered this desperate band of thieves and outlaws who regarded theft as frugality, highway robbery as speculation, and murder as an incidental concomitant of business methods, and against whom President Arthur later issued a proclamation making them outlaws, so that he who dared might kill them at sight.

There they were, forty ruffians, without a country, and they hoped without a God. They robbed the citizens of the United States of their cattle, drove them across the border



W. H. Gandy, Fort Verde, Arizona

Gentle Annie

and sold them in the mining camps of Chihuahua, Mexico, amusing the purchasers with graphic descriptions of the discomfitures of *los Americanos*. Then journeying westward to the state of Sonora, they raided Mexican herds, and through Jack Ringold, of Tombstone, Arizona, sold them to unscrupulous American stockmen and butchers, with no questions asked and no regrets for the plundered "Greasers."

"Well, Charlie, glad to see you. If whiskey is still trumps, deal us the best in the deck. Come, Annie, jine us. Gad, I'm delighted to see a white woman. Señoras are good enough in their way,—for I've got nothing agin anything that wears calico,—but it does a feller good to see a girl that ain't squatted on a sheepskin with a cussed black shawl hiding all her beauty, and exhaling garlic and chilli like a dobie on fire," exclaimed Bill, doffing his hat and shaking hands cordially with his saloon friends. Then he continued: "Where are the rest of the

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ladies? We'd be most happy to have them jine us in a social glass. Don't shake your head, Annie; p'r'aps liquor did get the best of us last time we were here, and we might have scared the women with our guns keeping time to the music, but give us one more show and we'll be the nicest fellers that the ladies ever met at a fandango."

"The ladies, you see, took a notion that you were like powder, harmless enough when there are no matches or caps about, but that whiskey sets you afire," replied Annie; "but," she continued, "I'll put you on your good behaviour, and if you don't disappoint me I think I can furnish ladies enough for the fandango to-morrow night. Now you will have to excuse me. Charlie and I have just set up housekeeping. We don't put on much style,—you can't cushion dry-goods boxes and palm them off for patent sofas and easy-chairs,—still I am doing a lot of fixing, and it all takes time. Good night, gentlemen." And Annie hastened to her home.

Gentle Annie

Baker handled the bottles with the skill of an old practitioner, mixing the drinks with the solemn dignity befitting his important position: champagne, cognac, whiskey, gin, mescal and lager followed each other with a rapidity which might have resulted in serious intoxication were it not for the wonderfully bracing atmosphere which the venders of spirits in that favoured land have sagaciously claimed as an antidote for inebriation. Be that as it may, glasses were rapidly filled only to be more rapidly emptied. Stories were told of their wild life and latest adventures. The lavishness with which money was thrown down after each libation—large bills and gold pieces, with no change asked for or expected—was convincing proof of the success which had attended their recent raids.

But drinking alone did not satisfy their gay propensities. In despair Bill turned to Baker and remarked: "Charlie, can't you place us in the way of some sport? We don't care to spend the night chasing coyotes or

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rounding up cattle. We want a blow-out, and we don't care what 'tis, if we can only have a heap of fun."

"Well," replied the bar-keeper, "do you want an entire change of base? How about the gospel shop? There is a chap fresh from the States—wears a plug hat, a bad sign, I'll allow—who holds forth to-night, and me and my friends are all invited. If he is looking for sinners in particular and frailties in general, he can't be far from headquarters. I reckon that rounding up souls here in Bixby is rather uphill work,—sorter like working a prospect that runs an ounce of gold to ten tons of granite. Perhaps that's the reason the boys have n't staked off many claims near his lode. Of course I've got nothing in common with a feller that don't gamble nor cuss nor chaw tobacco, but I've got nothin' against him but his all-fired loud voice which gives Annie and me free preaching and prayers and gets Annie to thinking about Indiany."

Gentle Annie

In spite of Baker's manner and language, there was a tell-tale look in his eyes which showed that the eternal spark, although it had never been fed, was still alive.

He seemed not to hear Bill's response, and continued: "Parsons and I don't browse on the same range; he's on the dead line out here. I'd just like to form an emigration society for his benefit. What does he mean by defying Arizona by wearing a plug hat? Of course he'd like to round us all up, but he won't lariat a single one of the San Simon boys, and its bad for Bixby to have the meddler round."

"I say, Baker," interrupted Bill, "it would be a nice little lark for the boys to help him to some more remote parish. What do you say? Good night."

"But I say, Bill, don't abuse him for not having had your chances, nor be hard on him because he can't string a line at keno. If he wants any more change on the journey just make the pot a good one and call on me, and

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I'll ante to the full limit. Good night."

They passed through a narrow street lined with low-walled adobe houses, stores and saloons; beyond these were numerous tents on the hillsides, and dug-outs, with an occasional frame cabin sprinkled in, and all located with little regard to the right of eminent domain. Still farther on, amid a clump of sword-grass and cacti, stood the church, with its spire pointing heavenward as a tribute to the heroic devotion which shrinks not from arid sands and forbidding wastes in the service of God and man,—one of the frontier churches which even to keep alive means a life of weary patience and discouragement, little appreciated by the comfortably housed Eastern congregation.

The church building gave ample evidence of the financial difficulties attending its construction, with its rude settees and its platform and pulpit formed from boxes but little disguised with paint. The congregation did not exceed the number necessary for the sav-

Gentle Annie

ing of the ancient city of the plains.

The pale young preacher paused at the unwonted sound of heavy spurs rattling on the church floor as their owners reeled into the seats. Their gaily fringed suits of buckskin, their tasselled sombreros, their gait, the slang which was frequently interspersed, showed their occupation, while the savage look of the leader at once convinced the speaker that he was to address an audience whose pressing business engagements rarely permitted attendance at church. He intuitively knew that it was no auspicious moment, but that this was the Curly Bill band of cow-boys who would gladly wipe out every vestige of civilization and religion, and that they were now present for malign purposes and to gratify evil propensities.

Perhaps an experienced frontiersman might have been wily enough to avert a scene, but not this young enthusiast, who had not been trained in the school of policy. He had the harmlessness of the dove, but not the wis-

Smith of Bear City

dom of the serpent. Be consequences what they might, he determined to speak the truth about such a kind of life and picture its just end. With a clear and calm voice he announced his text: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." With scathing denunciation he pictured the crimes which had been committed. His auditors, astonished at the young man's audacity, maintained a sullen silence. With fervid eloquence he foretold the retribution which awaited those who lived on the plunder of honest industry. The sermon was nearly finished when the intended interruption was made by Bill.

"I hope there won't be any hard feelings on your part, parson, but we don't propose to have one man do all the dealing in this game. Damnation is your right bower, but we hold the joker and propose to take the next trick. A little music would now be in order; make your own selection if it ain't too slow and solemn."

A painful silence followed. Bill's revolver

Gentle Annie

must have looked as large as a cannon, as all will agree who have ever been covered by a revolver in the hand of a desperado. Mr. Gray's courage was still strong, and he did not propose to surrender.

"Sir," he responded, "while I have no objection to lively music, I cannot allow this house of God to be desecrated by levity or profaned by wicked tongues."

"The sooner you quit this nonsense the better," began Bill. "We are now running this circuit; you can set up your pins on the other alley after we have gone, and preach to your quaking brethren who have sneaked off and left you to play a lone hand. This old 'navy' sings one tune, dances one jig, preaches one sermon, and it don't take it long to cover the distance to a death, and an off wind will set it going. Start right in and sing."

There was a fierce, determined look in Bill's face which brooked no further opposition. The minister's choice unquestionably lay be-

Smith of Bear City

tween a song or death, and he selected the former. Deserted by his church, threatened, ridiculed and derided by a ruthless mob, the occasion was not auspicious for melodious song. There was no music in his husky voice, and as the tune seemed to embrace but one note of the scale, varied with slight degrees of stress according to the direction in which Bill waved his revolver, the audience soon wearied of the programme and desired a change. The minister was singing the third stanza of "Hold the Fort" when Bill announced: "You'll never hold the fort with such singing as that. I believe your strong point is dancing. Come, start in."

"I should be glad to dance, brother, if I only knew how," replied the minister.

"Strange you have n't improved your opportunities. There is dancing most every night in Bixby, fifty cents a dance for self and girl, with drinks thrown in. But never mind, I'll furnish music if you will furnish legs."

Gentle Annie

The minister stood motionless and dismayed, until Bill resumed, "I 'll begin the tune once more;" and pointing his Colt's "navy" added, "Kick fast if you can't do anything more."

The tune was lively and loud, and all the cow-boys joined their leader in keeping time with their feet. The minister hopped up and down rapidly while the perspiration rolled down his face in great drops. At last Bill called a halt and announced that the show would end with one more act. Walking up to Mr. Gray, this merciless tormentor continued, "Now, parson, you 've shown yourself such a willing and teachable cuss, I think you ought to improve in one more particular. You are behind the times in your sermons; we want Bixby to keep right up to high-water mark. You 've got to fall in line and take back all the nonsense of your sermon, and preach for the heavenly welfare of us cattle men and put us fellers into the band wagon for kingdom come."

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Mr. Gray boldly refused to deny the eternal truths. He could die, but he could not recant and renounce the doctrines which he regarded as more vital than life. Threats failed. The stubbornness was becoming unbearable to these lawless men, whose wills were not accustomed to being thwarted and who looked upon the extinction of life as lightly as the snuffing of a candle. Twice the revolver was slowly raised and carefully aimed,—those minutes seemed hours to the pale, ethereal-looking minister; twice it was lowered in admiration of this fearless priest, who trusted his God and bade them defiance.

“Parson,” said the leader more gently, “the laws which you have appealed to are powerless. The Deity which you trust in has ceased to do business in Arizony, and if you will promise to quit this region now and forever, every man of us will chip in and give you a stake that will land you in style in a far country.”

The minister saw his wife and little ones,

Gentle Annie

pinched and threadbare; he saw a pleasanter home among congenial friends; he saw, too, the Lord on the lonely mount, almost debating whether by one act to bring the kingdoms to his feet.

“Gentlemen,” was the quiet response, “I was sent here by God’s people to do His work; when He calls me away, I will leave.”

“Take your choice: leave these quarters, or join our band and leave your bones to whiten on the desert. Rope him, boys. I declare this is too much like week-day business. I always believe in having a change on Sunday.”

II

Through the rich purplish haze of an Arizona twilight could be seen the bleak, sombre mountains raising their basaltic peaks like weird impregnable battlements for the protection of the precious metals buried deep below. Around the foot-hills the Saguaro^s rose like watchful sentinels, guarding the long silent sleep of the early pioneers who had

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perished in their weary search for gold and water. The scarlet blossoms of the cacti crowned the desolate sands with a rare beauty that concealed their barrenness. The delicious cool evening air, fresh from the dry, high plains, seemed almost oppressive to Charlie Baker as he walked toward his cabin, so really does the mental atmosphere mingle itself with the air we breathe.

“Confound the preacher,” soliloquized Baker; “gospel don’t mix well with my business, and why should I mix with his. It was rather mean of me to send those cold-blooded villains to bother him, but they surely won’t harm him, and perhaps they will relieve the monotony a little. Still I do feel shaky for him. But if worse comes to worse, what is his life or any man’s worth,—a few feet above the earth, or a few feet below—what does it matter? But this will never do for me. I hope Annie will be cheerful.”

He had reached a rude frame building, and opening the door entered. The unseasoned

Gentle Annie

timbers of the hastily constructed walls had warped and furnished more ventilation than warmth. The furniture was scant and poor, not necessarily indicative of poverty, but rather of the sudden growth of a town remote from markets.

“Yes, I belong to the ranks of the outcast; if an unlawful home is so pleasant, what would it be to have a true one?” were Annie’s thoughts as she awaited Charlie’s return.

Baker had scarcely crossed the threshold when Annie was by his side, greeting him affectionately. She was still young, though late hours and the dissipation of her wild life had imprinted deep wrinkles on her forehead.

“I am awfully glad you’ve come, I’ve been afraid harm would get the drop on you. Bill is not the chap to forget that you were the only man in Bixby who refused to take off your hat to him. He may swear friendship and greet you smilingly, but the next minute his baffled pride might lead him to put you where he has sent many another man. I don’t

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know what makes me so nervous to-night. There may be a tough deal ahead of us in the shifting of the scenes. A whiskey dealer and a dance-hall bar-maid living together but not in the law would make the old folks in Indiana rather 'shamed and sad, wouldn't it? I tell you, Charlie, I'd rather flee with you to the solitudes of the desert, or seek a home amid the rocky cliffs of the mountains, and be honest and decent, than to live here and be what we are!" She buried her face on his shoulder, and no sounds broke the stillness save the ticking of the clock and a woman's sobs.

III

The train arrived—not the one borne on rails by the rush of steam and the whirl of wheels, but the frontier train, drawn by weary, heavily laden mules, slowly but surely transporting supplies and occasionally carrying passengers who were too poor to pay the high rates of the overland stage company. The town was astir again. Those who were not expect-

Gentle Annie

ing supplies or friends watched from doors and windows to see what fortune befell their neighbours.

“Charlie, look! one of these passengers is a woman carrying a baby and leading another little child. There is Doc Holliday pointing toward our house or Mr. Gray’s. Perhaps the parson’s family has come.”

While Annie spoke, the mother and children were coming nearer, and she could be heard cheering the tired little boy with the hope of soon seeing his papa.

“Annie, I reckon the cow-boys are making trouble at the church; I hear a stamping and a noise like scuffling. If the woman and children are his—Well, is it the Parson Gray you want? Just walk right in and make yourselves comfortable. Mr. Gray lives just beyond us, but he is not at home now. I’ll go and find him, and bring him to you,” promised Baker.

The weary mother expressed thanks in her face, but was too much occupied with attend-

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ing to the children to notice that before leaving Baker carefully examined his revolver with the air of one who expected to need it. Having satisfied himself that it was all right, he cast a hasty glance at Annie and was gone.

There was a touching tenderness of tone and a delicate kindness of manner as Annie placed cool water, bread and milk on the table for her guests; then asking to be excused for a few minutes, she left the house and ran after Baker.

For a moment Baker halted outside the church. He realized the situation at a glance, and inwardly commented, "It ain't particularly convenient for me to leave just now, but I reckon I'm one of the chaps that the world can spare most any time; the come-out on t' other side can't be any worse than tending bar in Bixby, and I can't strike any worse company than I am used to here. All I've got I stake for a friendless stranger in a God-forsaken land. I'll give those scoundrels a talking to and if that don't save him,

Gentle Annie

the coroner will have a job mighty quick," and undaunted he walked into the church.

"Take that rope off, Bill. That man's wife and little chaps are here, and they have come all the way across these sands and dreary mountains, amid the hot trail of the Apaches, and they are not going to find the one they have come to meet lassoed like an ox. Come, boys, let every fellow who won't go back on the home of his childhood help restore this man to his loved ones."

The rough, savage band of outlaws paused as if a spell had changed their purpose, and stood with lowered heads as if ashamed of their cruel conduct—so many men pitted against one lone unarmed man! But there was a dangerous glitter in their leader's wicked eyes which seemed to say, "We'll have the question of supremacy settled at once and forever," and with his whole body shaking with the violence of his rage, he shouted fiercely, "Liar, vagabond, coward! Do you still think you can trifle with the

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brave boys of the San Simon? I have no time to listen to the drunken tales of a bar-room scullion. If you are spiling for a fight, you 'll get one sure."

There was a crack of revolvers, followed by a woman's shriek and a general scattering. When the smoke had cleared away, there on the floor in front of the preacher lay Bill severely wounded,* while clinging to Baker was Annie, profusely bleeding,—but she had saved him whom she loved.

They bore her gently home. A physician was summoned, but her wounds were mortal. The night dragged slowly, replete with pain for the wounded, and anguish for the watchers.

"Charlie," the dying woman at length exclaimed, "it is rather late, but what name shall mark my last resting-place?"

A messenger was despatched to the parsonage, and in the stillness of death the mar-

* *Curly Bill recovered, and was afterwards killed by one of his followers in a feud at Charlestown, Arizona.*

Gentle Annie

riage ceremony was performed just as the faint streaks of light were heralding the dawn. The newly made bride drew her husband gently down to her, and whispered, "Charlie, I am almost across the weary desert; I see the camp-fires of those who rest by the Great River."

The Queen of the Bull-Whackers

SHE was a huge, raw-boned, muscular woman, homely enough to excite pity; as untidy as a Sioux squaw and as fond of chewing tobacco as any woman is of drinking her tea,—every inch a queen if these be our standards. Such was Mother Jurgenson, and she was the only woman who ever drove a bull team hauling freight for pay; perhaps this is the reason why she was called Queen.

Nearly all of the freight shipped into the Black Hills before the advent of the railroad was hauled by bull teams. Certainly no more forlorn and pitiable looking animals were ever seen on the face of the earth. The animals grazed their own subsistence when they should have been resting, and could thus transport goods for much less cost than horses and mules that had to be fed. When the grass was short the poor animals were almost starved, and it required all the encour-

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agement of those cruel black-snake whips to keep them moving and pulling their share of the heavily laden wagons. The drivers were of the lowest order of humanity, dirty, rough and cruel.

Now, as I said, Mother Jurgenson drove a bull team, and Mother Jurgenson's husband also drove a bull team. He was no handsomer than she, and only more cleanly because, not having her inches, there was less space to be grimy. He had moods when it was his most agreeable pastime to beat the partner of his daily toils. She must originally have belonged to that class of peasantry in Europe who, travellers tell us, are trained to believe in the supremacy of man, and that it is a husband's privilege as well as duty to chastise his wife. At times the other bull-whackers had noticed a dangerous gleam in Mother Jurgenson's eyes when, at the close of a hard day's work, her husband had whipped her.

On the arrival of the teams in Deadwood, Jurgenson would slip off to the saloon and

The Queen of the Bull-Whackers

leave his wife to unload the freight from his wagon as well as her own. Occasionally when very heavy lifting was required, Jurgenson, between drinks, would give his wife valuable advice or hurry her with the work.

One evening, after a very wearisome day's work, Mother Jurgenson was slower than usual about the final unloading. Jurgenson concluded that a little conjugal discipline might quicken her movements, but as it happened, he struck her just one too many times; like a tigress she sprang upon him and rained blow upon blow and fairly wiped the earth with him, while the crowd cheered her on. Jurgenson's astonishment was soon followed by pleas for mercy, but mercy was not for him. Finally, from sheer exhaustion, she ceased, and gathering what remained of her liege lord, and holding him at arm's length, said: "Old man, henceforth I'm boss; you play me for meeks again and I'll break every bone in your cowardly body."

After this there was a great change in the

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financial condition of the Jurgenson family. Mother Jurgenson collected all the freight bills; she allowed her husband a limited allowance to spend in the saloons, while she unloaded the freight, bought needed supplies and did the banking. When all the business was transacted, and she was ready to start on the overland trip, she would go to the saloon where Jurgenson had been enjoying himself as best he could on his now limited means, and say, "Come, old man, git a move on you;" and he would go at once to his place and drive his bull team right behind hers. She saved money and bought a good ranch, and is now among the prosperous farmers of Dakota.

The last time that I saw Mother Jurgenson was from the overland coach which ran from Deadwood to the terminus of the railroad. There were seven passengers on the outside of the coach, and a little while after our departure we sighted Mother Jurgenson's gaunt form in the distance driving her bull team. We agreed to doff our hats and bow

The Queen of the Bull-Whackers
politely and say, "Good morning, madam," as the driver slowed up the coach in passing her. This we did. The Queen stopped a moment, looked us squarely in the face, squirted tobacco juice about a rod, and said, "Hello, boys;" then gathering up her long black-snake whip, she let it descend with a crash that sounded like artillery, and yelled, "Git up, Jericho, you old bull; what do you care about seeing dudes!"

The Evolution of Clay Allison

I

The Desperate Man of the Plains

CLAY ALLISON was a wealthy cattle owner whose herds roamed over southern Colorado and New Mexico. He was the autocrat of the plains. No man dared dispute his rights or make reflections on any of his proceedings unless prepared at sight to fight the duel unto death.

Chutt was another cattle king, who lived farther south, who was also very proud of his reputation as a man-killer. He once alluded to Allison as a wolf among sheep, but a cowardly coyote among men of spirit, which he was prepared to maintain. Kind friends repeated to Allison the neighbourly allegations, and were commissioned to take back the message that Chutt was like a skunk, to be avoided at all times, and that he also was prepared to maintain this position and dispose

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of Chutt as a nuisance.

On the old Santa Fé trail at the Red River crossing there was a stage station where meals were served. Allison and Chutt unexpectedly met there. They agreed to settle the question of championship then and there by being placed at one hundred paces, advancing on each other and shooting until the best man won. As the distance was being measured the dinner-bell rang, and Chutt proposed that they eat dinner first and have their fun afterwards. Allison assented. They sat down at opposite sides of the same table. The soup was brought in. As Allison picked up a spoon Chutt thought that the opportunity had come and he thrust one hand into his holster. But when Allison sat down to the table he had removed a derringer from an inside pocket to his lap, and this being more accessible he got the first shot and Chutt fell mortally wounded as the ball from his pistol entered the opposite wall. Allison assured himself that his foe was dead, and seeing that all the others had fled

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he seized the dinner-bell and going to the outside door rang it furiously. He then told the waiter that he was through with the first course and would like the second.

II

The Beau of the Ball-Room

"I'll bid adieu to cattle and the plains, to the saddle and the horse, to duels and shooting, and refresh myself in the social dance." So thought Clay Allison. The fates were thinking otherwise. The sheriff and the deputy were likewise thinking otherwise. He talked and laughed and drank and danced. They watched and calculated and planned and decided. They moved to arrest him and on the instant he was the fierce desperado of the plains. Both officers fell, and Allison escaped unharmed.

III

The Drunken Autocrat

Frank Riggs was a whiskey drummer, and had just alighted from the train at Las Animas, Colorado, and was carrying his valise

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over to the hotel when he met Mr. Allison, whom he bade a pleasant good morning, and all unknowing that Allison had had too much whiskey to make remarks safe, added, "That's a fine horse you have."

"Fine horse," exclaimed Allison; "you don't put it half strong enough. I'll bet that horse can kick your hat off; come here and see."

Riggs's wits worked at lightning speed. He remembered that the saloon-keepers were in the habit of closing their shops on the approach of Allison, and it was probable that Allison was not able to get a drop of liquor at that moment. He had the key to the situation and said unconcernedly, "I'll take your word as to what your horse can do, but what troubles me is the dryness of this place. Come and join me and we will see if there is n't a drink to be had."

Nothing could have been more in line with Allison's own wishes, but he said, "You are not going to commit a burglary, are you?"

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"Better way than that. Lariat your horse, and follow me. I'll just leave my traps here," replied the salesman.

Riggs went to the back door of a saloon owned by one of his customers and knocked at the door. No answer. He could hear the clink of glasses and called out, "Bill, let me in, your old friend Riggs, the whiskey drummer."

Bill opened the door and in walked Riggs and Allison, to the consternation of Bill. "It's my treat," said Riggs; "let every man in the house drink to the health of my friend Allison." Riggs handed a five-dollar bill to the bar-tender, saying, "You can give me the change when I get back; I have left my things outside."

Riggs seized his luggage and rushed to the station just in time to catch a freight train which followed the passenger train he had come in on.

"When I got into the caboose," Riggs told me afterwards, "and felt the wheels moving,

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and could see Las Animas slowly receding from view, I said to myself, 'You'll never want change badly enough to stop and get it at Las Animas.'" And he never did.

I barely escaped myself having to pay forced tribute to the imperious autocrat. I was walking from the States Hotel at El Moro, Colorado, when that was the terminus of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad, to the store of Otero, Sellar & Co., when some distance ahead I saw a commanding figure on horseback, gun in hand. I learned from a passer-by that it was our former acquaintance, Clay Allison, and that no one passed that gun without doffing his hat to its owner. I concluded to return to the hotel.

Gillie Otero (Miguel A. Otero, who later made one of the best governors New Mexico ever had) was at this time a young man connected with Otero, Sellar & Co. On the day in question he and three friends were having a social game of cards over Harrington's saloon when Allison entered and began amus-

The Evolution of Clay Allison ing himself by shooting through the ceiling.

"I was holding rather poor cards," said Gillie, "and I did n't mind quitting the game, but for four of us to be standing on the top of the stove and dodging bullets was not much recreation."

IV

The Tender Father

Years passed, and I was again in that Western country. The genial proprietor of the Grand Central Hotel in Denver, Mr. David Gage, introduced me to a quiet, polite gentleman by the name of Allison. He had come in bringing a crippled child. Was it possible that the Clay Allison I had known could carry a child so tenderly and caress it so lovingly? It was indeed the same man, and yet not the same. He had come to Denver hoping that an operation would cure his child, but found that it could not be, and went back to his home, fearing that the curse of God rested upon him. He was a quiet, sober, law-abiding citizen, and we should like to record

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a pleasant ending to his life, but unfortunately he was thrown from his wagon, breaking his neck. He was mourned as a saint by his wife and child.

A Trip through New Mexico

PEOPLE whose travelling experiences have been confined to parlor cars and common coaches perhaps do not realize how primitive and how perilous was travelling in some parts of our country even so late as the early eighties. Indeed so dangerous was a journey south and west from the terminus of the Santa Fé Railroad in the winter of 1881 that unless urged by imperative reasons such journeys were usually abandoned, the accounts of daily scalpings by Indians being a little too realistic even for the most ardent seekers after adventure.

I was compelled to take this journey, and in the caboose attached to the construction train I found a small band of determined-looking men all armed to the fullest possible extent, save one fine-looking gentleman, who wore a silk hat,—the first one to be tolerated in New Mexico without a few shots being

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taken at it,—and whose only weapon was a silk umbrella, for other use it could hardly have had in that rainless country.

I had made the gentleman's acquaintance the evening before, and on entering the car at El Moro he invited me to share the two seats he had appropriated. His name was William H. Stilwell. He had been recently appointed associate judge for the Territory of Arizona, and was on his way to his new official duties. One of the passengers was "Bat" Masterson. Bat had been sheriff of Ford County, Kansas, and *ex officio* had acted as city marshal of that most strenuous border town of the old cattle trail, Dodge City. He was a fearless officer and was one of the "wheel horses" in the killing brigade, standing in the front ranks among such game men as Doc Holiday, the Earp brothers, Luke Short and the other famous Dodge City man-hunters. But Masterson should not be classed with the really "bad" men of the frontier. He never attempted "the shooting up of

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towns," was never insulting in language or conduct in his dealings with the law and order classes, and never acted as a bully or a ruffian. He "planted" his victims as regularly as a farmer would his crops, but all was done in his official capacity, and I never heard of any shedding of tears over the graves that he knew so well how to fill. So I was glad that we were to have such a redoubtable companion on our journey. I introduced him to Judge Stilwell, and was relieved that Masterson greeted him most cordially in spite of the silk hat.

There were nine of us who took the overland coach at the railroad terminus. The night was cold and we all wanted to occupy inside seats for the first few hours. We had been offered an escort of two negro soldiers to occupy the best outside seats, but we preferred to retain them for ourselves, and to depend upon our own men in case of attack by Indians. The Apaches when unpursued always made their attacks near sunrise or sun-

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set; we were thus free from fear for the first part of the journey and beguiled the time by telling Indian stories. Our friend with the silk hat became more and more anxious. Until that evening he had had wholly Eastern ideas of the wronged red man driven to warfare, but he was fast beginning to feel that however peaceful his intent, the only safety was in distance.

About an hour before daybreak the question of position for our defence was discussed. By common consent, Masterson was given the seat beside the driver as our best fighting man. I drew second choice and selected the dickey seat above and behind the driver. The three other outside seats were also decided by lot. The judge, having no weapons, was not allowed a choice. He had already manifested much uneasiness over the situation and hinted to Masterson, who carried a Sharp's rifle and two Colt "navy revolvers," that if he had more guns than he could use he would relieve him of one. Bat replied most

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courteously that he would gladly loan the judge one of the revolvers if later he found that he could not handle them all to his better protection.

Our worst fears seemed about to be realized when in the distance we espied what appeared to be a large band of Apaches. The suspense of the next few minutes was becoming almost unendurable when the enemy proved to be the tall soapweeds of the plains. Examination of the trails that we crossed showed that they were "cold," for one soon learns to detect a fresh or "hot" trail.

We arrived late in the afternoon at the old town of Deming, New Mexico, seven miles east of the present town, it being the terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad. The place consisted of several drinking and gambling saloons in tents, and a box freight car which was used as an eating-house for the railroad men employed in the construction department; travellers from the overland coaches were also entertained there. The table accom-

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modations were very limited, and when supper was announced Judge Stilwell and two telegraph operators whom he had invited to supper took seats. The railroad men resented their places being taken by outsiders, and one of their number, pointing to Judge Stilwell, said in a loud voice, "See that long, lank cuss fresh from New York just filling himself as though he had been through a famine, while we railroad boys have to wait."

Masterson, in great wrath and with resounding oaths, resented this insult to his new friend, and ended with, "Buffum, you just take the first vacant seat and let these sons of the burro wait."

The railroad men looked at one another, they looked at Masterson, they looked at his Sharp's rifle and his two Colt's revolvers, they saw his determined face as he glowered at them, and their appetites fled before that terrible presence; not a man moved when the first chair was vacated, and I seated myself. The "I am sorry, gentlemen, to have kept

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you waiting, but I was very hungry," of Judge Stilwell as he left the table was perhaps equally calming and reassured them as to their judge. While each was waiting for the other to take the place, Masterson stalked to the front, saying, "No disrespect to you, Judge, but I'll take your seat myself."

After we had finished supper, Judge Stilwell took me aside and said, "What is there about me that causes so many men to know that I am from New York, and that calls out so many remarks that are far from flattering?"

"A boiled shirt we sometimes see," I replied, "but a silk hat is never seen save on a stranger's first trip, and one or two shots at it are generally sufficient. Then, too, a silk umbrella is suggestive of a refinement in dress for which it were better to substitute a weapon in order to maintain equal social privileges."

In honour of the judge the railroad management placed on the construction train a poor old passenger coach as his special car,

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which Masterson and I were invited to share.

As soon as the judge's trunk was put on board, he opened it, took out his felt hat and asked what he should do with the superfluous article. I suggested giving it to the brakeman, and though the latter accepted it with thanks, I never saw a more confused recipient of a gift. At last he said that as the citizens of Arizona had never seen anything so swell, he would nail it to the head of the caboose where all would have an equal opportunity of viewing it. The next day when the train was coming into Wilcox, and some cow-boys began shooting at it, the judge remarked, "I am rather glad that I am not underneath that hat."

When we arrived at Benson, where Masterson was to leave us to go to Tombstone to serve as deputy city marshal, he came up to Judge Stilwell and said, "Judge, I am proud to know you. You may have a red-hot bench to sit on in Tombstone, as the boys are pretty handy with their guns. But if you ever want

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a pard that will see you through, just call on me; and if I ever get into any trouble and am fetched up in your court, I want to know that I have a friend in the boss."

Judge Stilwell, not wishing to enter upon his official duties bound by any pledges, replied: "I trust, Mr. Masterson, that you will never be brought into my court against your will."

"Thank you, Judge, I hope not; but I may have to do a little killing, and things may happen which will make us powerful glad that we know each other," and Masterson shook the judge warmly by the hand.

Later in his official position at Tombstone, Judge Stilwell met Masterson as an officer of his court. A deadly feud existed between two bands and many men were killed, and when there seemed danger of duels even in court, the judge was glad to call upon Masterson to see that no one came into court armed, which instruction was faithfully carried out.



Reminiscences of Frontier Hotels and their Proprietors

IN the East, and in later days especially, our acquaintance with hotels does not necessarily nor commonly include an acquaintance with their proprietors. We may connect a delicious roll with the Parker House, or a certain pudding with Delmonico's, but the proprietors of these restaurants probably do not figure in our memory. It was otherwise in frontier days in the West. The various places where we stopped in the old stage-coach days for refreshment (the word seems ill chosen so little were we refreshed at some of these places) were invariably associated with the master or mistress of the eating-station. Yes, "Las Vegas Hot Springs," and what immediately flashes through my mind?—who but Minnie Moore? To most people familiar with mines, "Minnie Moore" represents the name of a well-known mine; but to me

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“Minnie Moore” brings back the rustle of silk, a flash of diamonds, clean beds, and food so good and appetizing that I almost blush now to remember the size of the meals which I ate at Minnie Moore’s table. Exchange Hotel, Albuquerque, New Mexico, will ever be associated with Tom Post and his indolent Mexican wife. Tombstone, Arizona, instantly brings up old Walsh and his Cancan restaurant, of which more later. Battle Mountain stands for Mr. and Mrs. Huntress, a good table, their sudden riches and as sudden poverty.

To these frontier proprietors we were the connection with the outside world; we served to vary the monotony of their days, and we found in them entertainment to vary the tediousness of our long journeys.

I was in Hailey, Idaho, in 1898, and its streets were comparatively deserted and many of its houses tenantless. Years before, when the Wood River country was booming and the mining industries of that section were in

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full blast, Hailey's sidewalks were crowded; its streets were full of teams hauling ores and supplies; its gambling-halls were run "wide open" and were heavily patronized; and in one of them was this sign above the roulette wheel and faro table: "Place your bets to suit; the sky is the only limit."

The Queen of the Hills and other famous producers of silver ore are now worked out or their grade of ore has become too base to be handled at depths with profit, and the hills are silent where formerly was heard the hum of that industry which furnished employment to hundreds of miners and piled up wealth for the mine owners. There too was the famous Minnie Moore Mine, the richest of them all; and though its day of glory has passed, it is still worked, but under the management of strangers to the old pioneers.

Minnie Moore, for whom this mine was named, has been dead these many years. How well I remember her and how pleasant in the overland stage days was a sojourn at Las Ve-

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gas Hot Springs when she and Scott Moore, her husband, kept the hotel! The building was a long one-story adobe; the rooms were numerous but small and scantily though neatly furnished, and in the latter respect were in marked contrast to conditions prevalent in most of the hotels in New Mexico. This hostelry was among the few places on the Southern frontier where the service and meals resembled the fare of the plain Eastern country homes,—no style, but an abundance of nourishing food. The travellers arrived at the Springs weary from the long stage rides and with most voracious appetites from open-air exposure. They had been unable to satisfy normal cravings on unpalatable sinewy meats and soggy bread,—bread made heavier because the wheat was garnered after being threshed by the treading of the sheep; for the grit of the soil adhered to the flour and most of the cooks were too lazy to use the sieve thoroughly. Thus the miners, merchants, stockmen and commercial travel-

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lers were glad of any excuse to stay as long as possible at the Moores' hotel for a rest before resuming the hard and disagreeable journeys by stage.

We all stood ready to jump into our seats in the dining-room the moment the little Mexican boy announced that the meal was ready. Was there ever a better cook than Minnie Moore? A mining man who was prospecting in Idaho and who had feasted at the Moores' decided that it would be an omen of good luck to name his mine after such a good cook and housekeeper. And it was, for the Minnie Moore Mine proved to be a most valuable property and made its owner rich.

In the evening the guests used to gather in a large sitting-room, and any news was welcome, for the daily papers were old and stale when we read them. The Apaches were then very "bad," and as soon as the spring rains started the grass so that the ponies could live, this tribe of Indians set out on the war-path. The south-bound passengers sought the

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north-bound to learn the most recent deprivations and the movements of Victorio, and to know what General Crook was doing. The military guarding of the water holes, the employment of Apache scouts, and the usual treaties in winter that returned the savages for support to the reservation received almost universal condemnation from the frontiersmen; and, justly or unjustly, most of the citizens held that Crook's reputation as an Indian fighter could have been gained only because at the time of his victory over the Apaches Cochise's warriors were armed only with bows and arrows, while Victorio's band were equipped as well and as formidably as the soldiers of our army.

Regularly at nine in the evening Mrs. Moore entered the sitting-room with a rustle of skirts and glint of jewels. Well-dressed women on the frontier were so scarce that the sweep of her skirts made pleasant music to our ears, and we all arose from our seats to welcome her,—a little homage we were glad

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to render, as bringing to mind our own loved ones in homes far away. Scott Moore was a genial host, polite and kind to every one but Minnie; he was not publicly unkind to her, but her friends knew that she experienced the unhappiness of a partially neglected wife, though she was all devotion to him.

From Las Vegas Hot Springs the Moores went to Albuquerque, in the early eighties when the Santa Fé Railroad was completed to that place, and when every day witnessed some growth in the town. I was living at Albuquerque at the time, and felt how fortunate I was that such admirable hosts had rented the leading hotel, so I went to the Armijo House to board with them. I had just one square meal which Minnie prepared the evening before the hotel was regularly opened to the public. Crowds came to the hotel and filled it, but the days of good cooking proved to be a thing of the past. Mr. and Mrs. Moore seemed to think it beneath their dignity to continue personal supervision of the

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culinary department, and indeed appeared to care more for whiskey and hilarious revelry than for the dull routine of business duties. However, they prospered financially; indeed they could not help it while the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad was being built west of Albuquerque and was obtaining its supplies from that city. But with that road completed there came a change: business fell off; real estate declined in value; bad investments had been made domestically as well as financially, and Scott and Minnie separated, each denouncing the other's folly and incompetent management. But Scott Moore was jovial to the last, and when the end came we gave him a first-class funeral. Dear old Parson Ashley had been accustomed in his ministerial career to hold service in the rough border towns where, as he told me, they had "a man for breakfast every morning." On the day of that funeral he was perhaps not in very sanguine spirits nor very confident as to the outcome, for he was stinting in commendation of the dead man's

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virtues and was not inclined to be enthusiastic over the future. But Moore's friends were largely among the drinking and gambling classes, and they were not troubled over the omission of saintly hopes for the life hereafter. One of them expressed their sentiments when he said, "Scott would feel more at home where there was a bar than with a psalm book and a harp; so that he had probably gone where he'd rather be and where he could take a hand in what's going on and not have to sit alone on the back seat and miss the boys."

Poor Minnie Moore wandered into forbidden paths. One day I boarded the south-bound Santa Fé train at Lamy, New Mexico, and was passing through the passenger coach on my way to the Pullman car, when I noticed Mrs. Moore occupying two seats and apparently asleep. I hoped to pass her unnoticed, but she saw me and said, "Please sit here," pointing to the seat opposite her. "I am too weak to rise and greet you, but your face brings to mind other days and the dear old place at the

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Springs. I feel so sick and weary of the trials and burdens of life; nothing but sorrow and pain is ahead of me; all hope is crushed and I have not long to live. You knew me in the early days of my happy home when there were no dark clouds and when hard work was a glorious pastime, though I did not think so then. Scott has gone, so I'll not curse my husband for his part in the shadows. Please do not think I erred from choice. I sought to make Scott jealous, little realizing what was in store for me by the turning of one wrong leaf in my book of life. The lines for a woman's conduct are closely drawn,—once down, forever gone. I am groping in the dark and there is no light ahead. Even you, old friend, tried to shrink from my sight and pass by on the other side. I'll not trouble you long. If only oblivion could be my final boon, if my soul could perish with my mortal flesh, I would end all this very day. But I am doomed—perhaps forever, unless the good Lord reads my heart and is lenient with those not bad from choice.

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Scott and I did not hitch very well in life, but in death, buried near each other, and our names joined together on the gravestone, we will forgive each other, and perhaps the dear Master will be so kind as not to wake us, but let us sleep on silently forever in the sunshine that lightens these desolate plains."

The train arrived at Wallace, New Mexico. Tottering feebly, she arose from her seat. I helped her from the car. Kind relatives met her at the station and gave her a warm welcome. I hoped those friendly surroundings might have a soothing influence upon her. Poor Minnie Moore! I knew that I would never see her again. The shadows were upon her and she passed away a few days later. She would have been honoured and respected had her domestic life been happy; but in a moment of jealousy she had made a fatal mistake. She and Scott had lived a strenuous life amid frontier influences which did not make for the best in humanity; but many of the guests at the Moore hotel will remember the kindly cheer

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and welcome given to the weary strangers and sojourners who staged over the dreary wastes and desolate plains of the desert. As hosts they played their part well; and the publicans have their place as well as the lawyers, doctors, warriors, merchants and farmers.

While the mention of Las Vegas Hot Springs Hotel brings up the remembrance of warmth and comfort and appetizing plenty, the words "Exchange Hotel, Albuquerque," suggest the antithesis of these amenities in every respect. It was kept by Tom Post and his indolent Mexican wife. The stage south bound was due at Albuquerque in the small hours of the morning. Well do I remember my feelings when I was ushered into my room. The sheets may have been "regularly" laundered,—like the man who bathed "regularly," taking a swim every Fourth of July,—but I think it must have been a New Year's ablution, and it was now November. An Indian tepee would have been cleaner and more inviting than any guest chamber in the hotel.

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I spread my blankets, and "endeavouring to extract the good from everything," I recognized that the room did not jolt as the stage had done. Nothing could be said in favour of the table, for the food and cooking were simply atrocious. But we had to stand Tom, with his unceasing grin, his shuffling gait, and his table, for we feared to attempt to better our quarters lest we should offend his dark-skinned wife and our tenancy be made uncertain and disagreeable beyond regular conditions. Tom was the stage agent and could make it very uncomfortable for the travellers who stopped at Woener's opposition hotel. He would state that the stage list was full, especially on the days when the jerky ran instead of the Concord coach, and as he kept the way-bill in his private room, no one could dispute him until the stage was ready to start, when it might be seen that there was still room for more. One guest at Woener's brought Tom to terms. He had seen the stage go out full for three days with a suspicious, discriminating

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precedence given to other passengers. He took Tom aside and told him that if the stage was full the next morning, Price's Overland Stage Company would be minus an agent if his gun and he could come to a satisfactory agreement. Mrs. Post might have risen to the occasion, but not Tom, who was in deadly fear of any gun play and was in a panic lest the stage should arrive full; he therefore promised a private rig in case he could not accommodate his friend with such urgent business, and thus the patron of the stage was not longer delayed on his journey.

Some years after I had ceased to stop at Post's hotel, Tom and I chanced to be on a Santa Fé train that ran off the track a long distance from any place where food could be obtained. During the long waiting hours I became very hungry, though looking at Tom and recalling the character of the meals served at the old Exchange Hotel had a slightly dissipating effect on my appetite. Perhaps at that late date there was an awakening of

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his conscience, for he seemed to feel some interest in my physical welfare. His countenance beamed with unusual benignity, and at last he took me aside from the other passengers and with a smile befitting a generous action gave me a soda cracker and a small piece of bologna sausage. How good they tasted! I forgot his bad record and decided that Tom's fare was not so bad—for the very hungry.

On my first trip to Tombstone, Arizona, I met Judge Henson, an acquaintance from the San Juan country. He invited me to take dinner with him at the Cancan restaurant. The judge's moral standing at his home in Colorado was high, and I could but fear that the Arizona atmosphere was having a demoralizing influence upon him and that he was in danger of a rapid fall from grace. He did not seem as surprised as I expected, and I thought him uncommonly obtuse in not comprehending my attitude and feelings; so I explained that I had never found it neces-

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sary for my happiness to visit the cancan as exhibited in the East, and I would rather do without it in Tombstone, where it would probably be given with less drapery and more startling effects. It was now the judge's turn to be amused at my comments and desire to maintain a proper moral standard. "I took it for granted that you would want to go to the best restaurant in town," he said, "and that is what the Cancan is in this place. It is kept by old Walsh. Poor old man! he never heard of 'The Black Crook,' he does not know whether the ballet is given by bearded men or is a bit of scenery, and he's no dictionary fiend who knows how to swing the best title for a front sign. I asked Walsh where he got that name. He said that he had seen it in some reading matter and he liked the sound, 'because,' he said, 'I can give as good a meal as any one else cancan; and he can.'"

His daughters managed the restaurant after their father sought new fields in Montana. Walsh is cancanning no more on earth;

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but all who visited Tombstone in the early eighties will agree that no hungry man could make a more satisfactory investment of his money than by patronizing Walsh's Cancan.

One more host and hostess come to mind as I remember the frontier days,—Jimmy and Mrs. Huntress, whom many Nevada pioneers will also remember. They kept a hotel at Battle Mountain; there were worse and there were better hotels in the Sage-Brush State. When the east and west bound trains of the Southern Pacific stopped for dinner at their hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Huntress made money; they made it even after their dollar and a half dinner was reduced to one dollar and later to seventy-five cents; even this last price must have yielded from one to two hundred per cent, notwithstanding the exorbitant freight rates and highly paid servants. What they made in the hotel went into mining prospects, and one day they "struck it rich." A valuable mine was discovered, opened up, and then sold for one hundred

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and fifty thousand dollars. Jimmy and Mrs. Huntress felt sure that they had a bonanza which would last forever. They rented their hotel and went to California to enjoy the best that could be had. How they made the money fly! Whether Jimmy had his private boot-black with full wages by the month, as I was told, I do not know, but the Huntress family certainly sought the acquaintance of every one who could show them how to get rid of money. They made the rounds quite rapidly and had lots of fun until their last bank check had been honoured. Then Jimmy and Mrs. Huntress are said to have had quite a lively family discussion, and in fiery language to have blamed each other for the melancholy ending of their holiday. They separated: Jimmy returned to the mountains, hoping to locate another rich mine, of which he was still in search when I last heard of him; Mrs. Huntress returned to the management of the Battle Mountain hotel. But the palmy days did not return. The trains did not stop regu-

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larly for dinner. One of her sons became a brakeman and the other a barkeeper, and they soon forgot that for a brief season they had enjoyed the luxurious ease of the rich. As times grew harder and harder Mrs. Huntress painted her face more and more, as if colour would sustain her courage. But youth was too far gone to be recalled, and there were also indications that she was not unacquainted with the liquors of her own bar.

About this time I was returning from a trip to the store of the Merrimac Mine and had to stop at Mrs. Huntress's hotel in order to make railroad connections for the West. Some one told her that there were two young orphan sisters at the station, waiting for the night train to Austin, but they were without money and so unable to stop at the hotel. Kind-hearted and generous, Mrs. Huntress went at once to find them and brought them to her hotel. When she had by inquiry learned that they were the children of a former station agent at Battle Mountain, that their parents

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had been married at the Huntress hotel, and that the orphans were on their way to an aunt near Austin, Nevada, Mrs. Huntress could not do too much for the "little dears." She gave them a bountiful dinner and supper and, filling a basket with fruit and confectionery, took them to the train, putting them in charge of the conductor. As she bade the little girls good-by I saw tears in her eyes, and I thought that her kindness and sympathy for the orphans revealed the true woman's heart. I forgot about her paint and gaudy apparel and was proud of my landlady.

NOTE. Though Minnie Moore of Las Vegas claimed that the Minnie Moore Mine was named for her and I have given that version, yet the facts are against her. Postmaster Moore of Salt Lake City was one of the original locators and owners of the Minnie Moore Mine. He had a beautiful and accomplished daughter, and his friends have told me that this mine was named after his daughter, Minnie Moore.

The Man under the Bed

IT is a womanish confession, this looking under the bed for the proverbial man, but I plead guilty, not, however, in order to discover this person, but because I have already found him.

In the fall of 1871 I arrived at Fredericktown, Missouri, at two o'clock in the morning, a time certainly when people should be settled either in the bed or under it, according as one plies his vocation by day or by night. My assignment to a room was destined to be as novel if not as exciting as finding the aforesaid man. I left the train, but found no porters and no busses. The station master directed me to the hotel, and being armed evidently by the experience of previous guests, was disposed to let me profit by their mistakes. He told me that the landlord was much more desirous of rounding out his own full quota of hours of sleep than of ministering

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to the comfort of his patrons; that I would find the office lighted and provided with candles, and that my best plan of procedure was to hunt up a room myself and claim it by right of possession. His directions were so explicit that I had no difficulty in locating the hotel. I registered, lighted a candle, and then proceeded on my quest for a place to sleep. The prospect was not inviting, but perhaps better than encountering an irate landlord.

The first room emitted sounds too unmistakably indicative of occupancy to leave any doubt here; the second furnished a chorus of similar tumult. This certainly was preferable to uncertainty. Number three was locked. So far there was no room for indecision. The next one gave forth no sound, and the knob yielded to my pressure. Both beds were occupied. In my perturbation I was of course bound to make a noise. The sleepers awoke, and with no uncertain sound informed me that I must be a fresh kid in those parts if I did n't know that that end of the house was

The Man under the Bed

for permanent fixtures and that the front rooms were reserved for "biled-shirt fellers." It was reassuring to have definite directions, so I stood not upon the order of my going, but sought the front of the house.

I was relieved to find the first room open and unoccupied and that it had two windows, a chair and a good bed. The prospect for getting some sleep was brightening. I did not want it cut short, and so went back to the office and entered the number of the room opposite my name, that no new-comer might be assigned to it.

It did not seem more than an hour before I was awakened by the landlord attending to his duties; these duties were various, since "division of labor" seemed not yet to have entered the economy of his domain. He was the proprietor, clerk, bell-boy and porter, and owner of a bottle of blacking, a boot brush and a block of wood for a foot-rest; and the guests were entitled to the privilege of shining their own shoes or going without this

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luxury, as suited their pleasure. As bell-boy and boss he made himself known to me by rapping loudly on my door and announcing, "Stranger, you've got just thirty minutes to put on your wraps and hit the dining-room or go without breakfast, darned if I care which." It did not take me long to accept this cordial invitation to the morning repast. The menu was not elaborate, but the food was wholesome and well cooked; and I very much preferred the gruff and arbitrary conduct plus good food to the better-natured hog and hominy landlords who had entertained me during my recent weary horseback ride through northern Arkansas.

The Iron Mountain Railroad was then only a short system extending from St. Louis to Belmont, Missouri, but the service was good, with two trains a day between the terminal points. I was unable to finish my business in time to take the day train, and was so weary that I did not wish to leave at two o'clock in the morning, so I decided to remain until

The Man under the Bed

the second day and get a full night's rest. Vain hope! It proved to be a full night, but rest was not the principal ingredient.

During one of my landlord's genial moments he gave me leave to retain my room a second night and commented on my intuition in selecting the best room in the house. I learned later that all the guests were blessed with similar intuitive perceptions, according to the landlord's bland phrases.

I retired early. The house was old and the air in the room was close and musty. The windows had no springs, but knowing that my landlord provided no extras, I was in doubt what to do, as it was late to hunt up a tree and cut off a branch for a prop for the window. While I was studying the problem of ventilation I fortunately espied an empty quart flask that would serve as window stick admirably. The window opened on to an outside porch, and there was a staircase leading from this porch to the ground. However, I had but a small sum of money with me and had no

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fear of burglars. In 1871 nearly all the natives and travellers in southern Missouri carried revolvers and bowie-knives, for even the most peaceful citizens never knew what exigencies might arise, and deadly weapons were a safeguard. I had a Colt's revolver, but I never carried a bowie-knife; the appearance of that effective weapon was never pleasant to me.

I do not think I had been asleep long when I was awakened by hearing my window lowered and inside of the room stood a man. Remembering that but the night before I had been a man standing inside another's room, I assumed that he too might be in search of rest; but the manner of entrance was not reassuring, and I reached quietly and quickly for my trousers and drew my revolver from the hip pocket. I cocked it and had the man covered, and was on the point of inquiring the object of his visit when he suddenly disappeared. It was raining and the night was dark. I could not see the intruder, but I could hear him crawling along on the floor toward

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the bed, and then I realized that I probably had a burglar to fight.

In a close conflict a knife can be used with quicker action and more deadly effect than a revolver. I assumed that the burglar assassin was so equipped, and I knew that in such event my only hope of survival was in a shot through his vitals the moment he began to feel on the bedclothes for me and before he had time to locate me. As quickly as possible I moved to the farther corner of the bed near the wall. I could hear the robber approaching slowly, and when he stopped I knew that he was listening to learn my position. How thankful I was that I was awake and that there was not the usual deep breathing to betray me. The perspiration stood in great drops on my forehead; I could hear my heart thump. I might not have long to live, but the few moments were hours and I was waiting with intense anxiety for action to begin. I did not dare shoot with uncertain aim and thus betray my location. Should I

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shout for help, I felt sure that the knife would end my life before aid could reach me. Had wealth been mine how gladly would I have parted with it to purchase safety, and how many years from off my life would I have bartered for moonshine instead of rain and darkness, so that I could have the advantage of sight and more than one shot from my revolver. When I heard him close to the bed and was waiting for him to seek for me, the delay seemed interminable. Many thoughts of wiser action flashed through my mind, and I regretted that I had not begun shooting when he was farther away and when the chances of hitting him would have been better as he rushed at me with the drawn knife.

My murderer had ceased to crawl along the floor, but I could hear slight noises from his movements in turning over, as I supposed, in his final preparations to stab and rob me. All was again quiet. I waited and waited. The suspense was growing unendurable. Why did n't he move? Why did n't he thrust me

The Man under the Bed

through? Anything would be preferable to this oppressive stillness. I could n't stand it longer and decided on what all will agree was most indiscreet. I took matches from the pocket of my trousers and lighted one. Oh! fool that I was to give away my exact location! The match went out—of course it did!—and in terror I struck a second one and lighted the candle that was on the stand. As my foe remained out of sight I gathered courage and hope, and ventured to look over the edge of the bed, but I could not see the man. The time when I must shoot and be shot at had come, for now he was no longer situated to stab me with the knife. I leaped into the centre of the room and, facing my adversary, took careful aim. What was my surprise to see the desperado with arms and hands drawn close to his body, and totally unprepared for the duel. He was at my mercy; I could readily have killed him,—frontier etiquette doubtless demanded it,—yet the thought of slaying even a burglar was not pleasant to contemplate,

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and I withheld my shot. So instead of discharging my revolver, I sent forth the order, "Hands up or instant death," which proved equally effective. He obeyed, but answered not a word. I bade him come forth from under the bed. Locomotion in his position and with hands up was decidedly inconvenient, so I changed my order to "Stretch arms at full length and roll over." I soon had him on his feet with hands above his head, and the next act on the programme was to search and disarm him, with the reassuring assertion that if he moved a muscle off would go his head. However, with my burglar, who I now saw was drenched with rain and shaking with cold and fear, such a fierce show of fight on my part seemed superfluous, and I proceeded more calmly. His only weapon was a fine-tooth comb, grim with age but not from use.

This unseasonable visit was now a mystery indeed, and as I had not yet had the pleasure of hearing his voice, I asked an explanation.

"Oh, Mister, if you will just unhitch your-

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self from that shootin'-iron, or pint it to the wall instead of my head, I'll be after tellin' you all about it."

I complied, and he began his story.

"I was wunst a section boss, and there was niver a better man than me astride a hand-car. I had good pay and, with no calico to tie to, I took to the hotel as me home and bought me board and lodgin' as a gentleman should. As I was free of nights, and did n't git overtired while the boys shovelled, I was not short on time enough but that I bought whiskey. I have a natural fondness for the critter, and I loved the fuddle of it more than me life or me job. One foine day the bloody track master comes along, and him and me had a dialogue. I was not over half full, for I could walk, though I could not tell a tie from a shovel. He had the last say, and it was thusly: 'If you and me think the railroad can run without ye, then take a slide.' Argument did n't count with his highness. He resigned me job for me, and as I niver owned a bank

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book because I could n't drink it, and had only one small time check comin' to me, me landlord also gave me a chance to resign, with a vigorous boot to me credit because I could n't fergit his beds were invitin' at night and I did n't need an usher to show me to a room.

"I was as dry last night as a salted herrin' in hell, when I had the good luck to meet an old section frind who had money enough to buy a full quart of good whiskey from our blissed landlord. The ould man may have some kind spots in his heart, but I niver found 'em, and he has n't a gracious way with his customers. When he had our cash snug in his pocket he sez to me, 'Pat, you old divil, now take a long walk, you and your frind; and you'd better remimber that I've telegrams for all the rooms and don't try to steal the lodgin's of me guests.' The whiskey was foine, and what did me and me frind care for room and beds with the night young? Wal, whin we got through drinkin' and talkin'—for we had much to say to each other—I wint to

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sleep outside, and would have been all right only the rain found me, and me frind was gone. I was so wet and cold and lonesome that I was bound to have a bed at any cost. For the first time in town history I found the door below locked. It seemed as if me landlord had anticipated me visit. Sez I to meself, 'Patrick, what are you goin' to do? You'd better not break down any doors, for the landlord is an excitable kind of man, and yer can't buy much sleep from him with only a nickel to yer name.' Then the thought comes, all of a sudden like, of the outside stairs and this beautiful room with the bed big enough for you and me. I saw you had left the window up and, to say the honest truth, there was an invitin'-lookin' prop under it, as if you was expectin' me, though I really did hope you were away from home. Sez I to me, 'The hour is late, and the only decent way is to be quiet and disturb no one, and if no good frind of mine has the bed I'll take it meself.' So I crawled along as softly as a mouse in a flour

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barrel until I got square under the bed, and I was about to feel if there was room for me when I heard you shakin' as though you had the chills. Sez I to me, 'Here is a nice man who is sick, and I won't seek an introduction until mornin''. You know, sonny, that I am dealin' you out the truth. I like your looks. The bed is wide; there is room for us both, and you would n't mind treatin' an old man like me to a little sleep that won't cost you a cent, and then you would n't be so lonesome and miss me bein' gone, God bless your dear soul."

I was thankful I had not killed the drunken intruder, and told him that while I could not allow him to occupy the room and bed with me, I would turn him loose in the hall and he could forage for himself.

"All right, me boy; 'tain't for you and me to quarrel now. But won't you kindly light me to a room and go ahead to show me the way? for I feel sort of lost like and skeered."

I replied that I would hold the light until he got to a door and would supply him with

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matches, and I advised him to make his entrance known or his stay on earth might be short.

"Thank you, me boy; your advice betokens a larger purse than mine." He walked with uncertain step to the door nearly opposite, and then paused and said, "I hope to the Holy Virgin that me troubles are over and that there is no one in this room, or that it is occupied by a friend, who won't play a lone hand on me this cold night."

Then the ex-section boss walked into the room. I did not wait for results, but returned to my bed. In a few minutes I heard angry words with much profanity injected emphatically, and I concluded that my newly found acquaintance had again found preëmpted premises. I opened my door and looked out. The hotel proprietor was certainly sensitive about being awakened in the night, and in appearance not prepossessing, clad in night-dress and bed slippers. Dire threats with punishment never ending, and curses loud and

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shocking, were hurled at the poor terrified fellow. The landlord stood shaking his fists violently at the intruder as if utter annihilation were to follow; so indignant was he that when for the first time in local annals he had locked the outside door of his hostelry this miserable specimen had rendered precautions vain and was now under his roof.

The landlord now turned his angry looks at me, who had been trying to get a word with him. Concluding that I too might be implicated in this conspiracy to rob him of his inestimable sleep, he asked me in no gentle tone if I knew "how the d—d cuss had got in."

I explained the situation, the fright that I had experienced, my thankfulness that the man's blood was not on my hands, and pleaded for leniency for the wretch. I told the landlord that if he would allow me to pay for the stranger's bed and breakfast I should greatly appreciate the kindness.

After expressing extreme regret that I had not made the coroner's services necessary, my

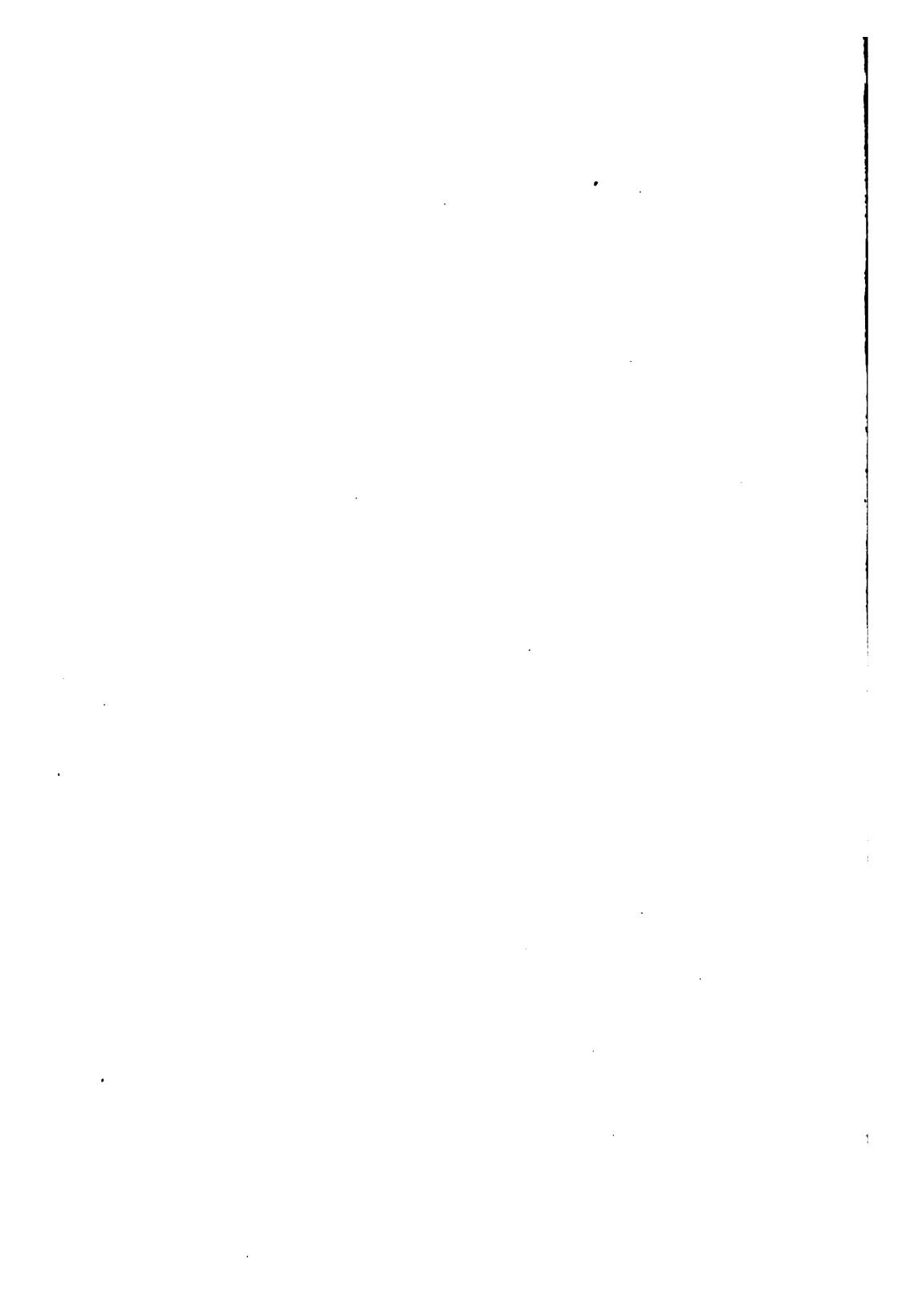
The Man under the Bed

host sullenly departed, leaving the ex-section boss to quiet and his much-longed-for bed.

The excitement of the episode kept me awake for a long time, and was followed by a late sleep, so that it was nine o'clock when I went downstairs to breakfast. As I entered the office on my way to the dining-room, a brawny, red-faced Irishman grasped my hand and said: "You be a perfect gentleman. You've treated me to bed and breakfast, and now I'd like to take a drink at your expense."

It is needless to say that my hospitality extended no farther, save that he received some sound advice at my expense, which was sadly wasted according to later reports.

Whatever ending the incident might have had my conscience would not have troubled me, but I have never ceased to be glad that the night was dark and my target concealed. And may I not be pardoned for searching my room at night to prevent the possibility of making a second under-the-bed acquaintance?



The Story of “Lost Charlie Kean”

IT was a most beseeching little face that was turned up to Charlie Kean’s mother, and a most imploring little voice that begged to go with Johnny Carter, a cow-boy employed on the ranch, to find the lost horse. It seemed that one of the neighbours had found the horse sick and had cared for it, and that Mr. Kean had told Johnny to get the horse, and if it was better, to turn it loose for the men on the round-up to bring in. It was a most tempting expedition, but Charlie was only ten years old; he was going on Sunday; cow-boys were rather unreliable; so the mother felt obliged to say no.

There was one more chance. “Father did not mind doing things on Sunday,” and the next morning when Mrs. Kean went to the kitchen she found Charlie eating his breakfast in great glee, armed with his father’s permission.

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The mother spent most of the day with neighbours who were in trouble, with hardly a thought for her boy, until as she mounted her horse to go home she suddenly felt unaccountably anxious about him. As she approached the house she saw Johnny riding away rapidly, and Mr. Kean excitedly giving orders to the men. "Where is Charlie?" was her first question. "That is just what Johnny asked," was the reply, "and when I told him that he ought to know, he turned and galloped away."

Mrs. Kean rushed into the house and up to Johnny's room, to find that all the cartridges had been emptied from the box which he had bought on Saturday. "He has killed my boy and left him to be devoured by coyotes," was her only thought.

The father mounted a splendid horse, good for a hundred miles without food or water, and rode all night, stopping only to build fires of the sage-brush and soapweed as signals for his lost boy, and to call, "Charlie! Charlie!"

The Story of "Lost Charlie Kean"

The superintendent of the mine near by called a meeting of the miners, ordered all work to stop, and an organized search of the Arizona desert was begun.

On Monday morning, with two of the best horses which she had reserved for herself, Mrs. Kean joined the searchers. After riding several hours she came upon her husband, his powerful horse white with foam, but as full of life and fire as ever. His woful face showed that there was no good news. It had been learned that the ranchman who had cared for the horse had seen Charlie and Johnny ride away, and that was the last news of them.

Meanwhile Johnny was pursued, but he was not inclined to surrender until, finding that the infuriated men were ready to shoot him, he threw up his hands and submitted to capture. No information could be obtained from him except that he left Charlie about nine o'clock Sunday morning, headed for home. Although the men wanted to hang him then and there unless he would confess the

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whole truth, he was only put in confinement, and the hunt went on.

There was a gleam of hope for a moment when the searchers came upon a band of San Carlos Apaches, for it was thought that possibly they had captured the boy and were holding him for reward; but they had seen nothing of him, and the horrible suspense again settled down upon the searching party.

Although one cannot require certificates of good moral character from men employed on a ranch,—for help would be scarce under those conditions,—still the father in his desperation stopped to inquire into the former life of Johnny. It was not comforting. He had almost mortally wounded his father in a quarrel, and had killed a man in Texas. On Wednesday the boy was given up for lost.

Let us now follow Charlie in his weary wanderings over the pathless, bewildering wastes of the desert. After Carter and Charlie arrived at the ranchman's and found that the sick horse was better, the animal was turned

The Story of "Lost Charlie Kean"

loose on the ranch. Then Carter proposed to Charlie that they go and see the double windmills that had been put up by the Ida May Mining Company. Charlie replied, "Papa told us to come right home when we turned the horse on the ranch." "Your pa can boss you, but he can't me," Carter replied, "and I'm going to see them."

Carter pretended to show Charlie the way home, but was either bewildered himself or purposely designed that the boy should get lost, for he started him in the wrong direction.

The little ten-year-old fellow started off bravely for home, feeling that his trip would be over all too soon. Hour after hour passed. There was no sign of home, no water and no food. The horse was worn out, for Charlie had urged him at great speed, hoping to find some sign of human habitation. It was with difficulty that he could keep the horse from turning back, but he knew that only desolate wastes lay behind him, whatever he might find if he pressed onward.

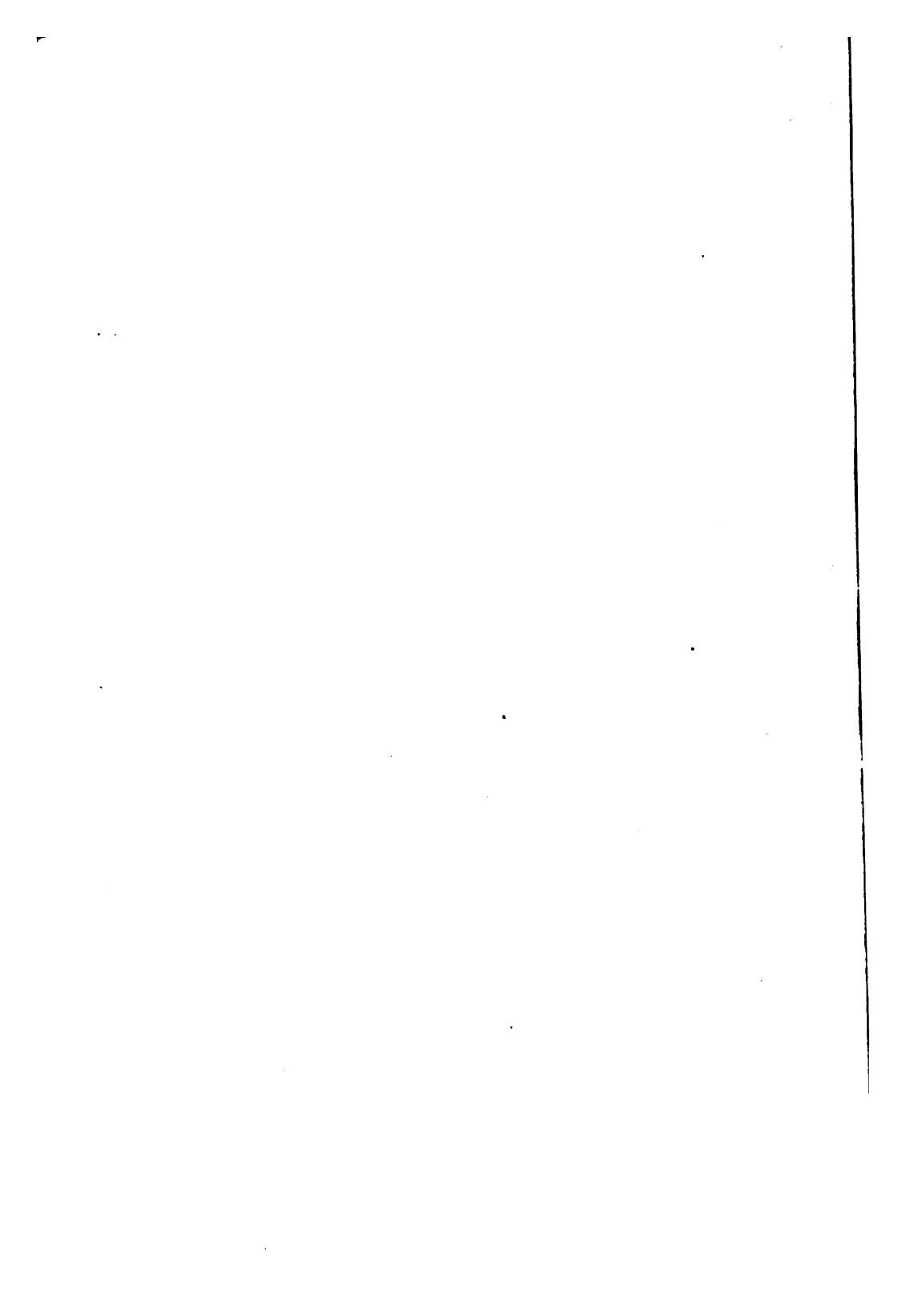
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It was now well on into the night. The little fellow was frightened by the barking of coyotes and was sure that he heard the roar of mountain lions. He dismounted, lariated his horse and built a fire. The coyotes came near enough to be seen in the gleam of the firelight, and howled at him dismally. He began to think that Sunday-school was a pretty good place after all, and also that it was not a bad plan to do as one's mother wished; at any rate, he would like the chance again.

It was a dreadful night. He knew that he must have been asleep, for he had had horrible dreams of being eaten by wild animals. At last the sun rose and Charlie was off again. His tongue was swollen with thirst, and a green scum of soap-suds, as he called it, ran from his mouth. He crossed a barren mountain and then descended to the sand wastes again. Still no grass and no water. His horse was almost staggering beneath him, but on they went until the second night drew near. Tuesday morning dawned. Charlie had no



“I’m a good boy.”



The Story of "Lost Charlie Kean"

longing for life, but he knew the anxiety of the home ones, and oh, if he could only get home to die! Suddenly his horse stopped, pricked up his ears and started at a furious gallop; he had scented water from afar. A tent soon greeted the boy's straining eyes, and in a moment the horse fell beside an artesian well. The old man who lived in the tent came out, and gave the boy glass after glass of water and the horse bucketful after bucketful. When Charlie had revived so that he could talk, he learned that he was sixty miles from home; and how many miles he had travelled in his bewilderment he never knew.

The horse seemed to be dying. "Never mind," said John Caulwell, the ranchman, "I'll go up to my old boss's place and get you another one. You won't be able to travel before to-morrow." Old John tried to cheer Charlie by telling him stories, but his experience was confined to life on the plains, and Charlie was in no mood to listen to tales of children being captured by Indians or eaten

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by bears, nor had he any appetite for the old man's occasional moral as to the propriety of staying at home.

As the boy and the horse began to revive, it seemed to Charlie that he could never wait until the next day before running into his mother's arms and telling her that he was safe and sound. If only Caulwell would tell him just how to get home, he was sure he could find his way. The ranchman consented to start the child off with the first ray of morning light. He told him not to go on to the mountains and not to go into any of the passes, but to keep about their present distance from the range until he should see the smoke from the Ida May smelter, not far from home.

At four o'clock on Wednesday Charlie bade Caulwell farewell and started for home. The horse seemed to appreciate the situation and galloped mile after mile at racing speed. At noon the mother, who had never ceased to scan the distant horizon, sighted her boy coming across the plains.

The Story of "Lost Charlie Kean"

The ranchman was the only living being he had seen in his four days' journey. What mattered it to the mother that Caulwell was a poor drunken vagabond in the eyes of the world, that he stole his employer's horses and skipped the country? To her he was an angel of mercy, to be always held in grateful remembrance.

Do you ask what became of the horse that Charlie rode? No barley grows that is too good for him. He is the pet of the household. Mr. Kean gave orders that no one was to ride him save Charlie; he is a member of the family, and is always called "Dear Billy Kean."

A Race for Life

*“Hark in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy,
which is the justice, which is the thief?” KING LEAR*

IT was a cold, cheerless Sabbath evening in December in 187-; the thunder, mingled with the fierce gusts of wind, roared with long and loud discharge; the lightning flashed across the lowering sky, illuminating the whole heavens for an instant, making the blackness ten times blacker when it had vanished. Even the muddy waters of the Mississippi seemed almost to sparkle as the white foam dashed against the overhanging bluffs.

The brewing tempest was unheeded by a horseman who was dashing toward the ferry at Chester. A darker cloud was blotting out his horizon. It did not need the lurid flashes of lightning to show him six naked skeletons dangling from a lonely tree two miles ahead of him; he saw them all too plainly. It was nothing to him now that his coat had as many

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colours as Joseph's; that his hat was as open as the Coliseum; that innumerable patches fluttered in the breeze; that his boots were made by different cobblers, and that one lacked a heel, the other a toe. Onward he plunged through the dark wood, up the hills, through the valleys and across the swamps. His horse freely strained every muscle in his furious pace, and this eagerness should have served as an effective check upon the cruel spurs which ever and anon the rider was plumping into his flanks. The dumb beast seemed as conscious as his rider that behind them, like so many wolves that had tasted blood, rode five men on fresher steeds. From the pommel of the leader's saddle there hung a short thick rope. As the pursuers caught sight of their prey, an eager, brutal shout rang out of "Stop thief!" now louder, now lower, as the wind gained or lost in force.

Stern and unalterable resolution and the courage born of despair were impressed upon the features of this fugitive; heroes have been

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made of baser stuff. Single-handed he would have faced the five and fought them all then and there but that the whole community would have joined against him. At times he waved his arms triumphantly, displaying his trusty revolver and shouting back defiance and death; occasionally a musket was discharged in reply to this challenge.

The sound of the horses' feet became clearer. Could he but reach the ferry and find the boat on this side, he would force the ferryman with drawn revolver to take him across to the Missouri side, where in the heavy timber lands, with night coming on, he felt certain of escape.

The thief rushed down the last hill, past the hotel, toward the landing, casting a frightened, anxious look for the boat—he must see it! In a moment he caught sight of it moored on the opposite shore. It would be impossible to follow the mad rush of thoughts that surged through his brain. Further flight in the open prairies of Illinois, with no cross-

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ing nearer than forty miles, was useless. The water was cold and forbidding, but it seemed friendly compared with that yelling human pack at his heels. For a second he clasped his hands together and looked upward as if imploring help from the dun skies above him, and then thrusting the spurs into the sides of his panting steed, amidst the cries of the startled spectators horse and rider plunged into the Mississippi—a mile of cold water stretching before them.

The pursuers arrived at the landing, and peering through the gathering darkness, they could see Vandane and his horse struggling in the river. For a moment they pressed on with rapid motion; then there was a dissolving view and the swimmers had vanished, but only to reappear a moment later.

The ferryman answered their call, but too much time was being lost; a wherry was launched, and these would-be dispensers of justice pushed off just as Vandane disappeared again. This time he came to the surface alone;

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the faithful beast was beyond rendering further service.

The fierce curses of the boatmen rang out more furiously than before when but a human form was seen struggling in the current. They redoubled their efforts at the oars. Could they but reach him before he gained the river bank, they would be repaid for their hard chase by swinging him from that lonely tree at the Six Sleepers. To be sure, they could shoot him now, but that were too humane a death. Theft has lost all its ancient grandeur. In the decay of this old economic virtue, wandering bards no longer weave their stirring songs to commemorate midnight raids and sanguinary forays. Daring enterprises of pillage, which would have immortalized the chivalrous knights of old, in these degenerate days are styled grand or petty larceny.

Vandane neared the shore and laboriously plunged toward it. Why not stop struggling and let the merciful river do the deed? No—there is still magic in the word “life.”

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They were upon him now, and with a loud cry of triumph and one wild huzza they lifted him from the water. He had sufficient strength to make a brief resistance, but a well-directed blow felled him to the bottom of the boat, and handcuffs did the rest; his quivering form was subdued, but not his rebellious spirit.

“Well, George, business is lively to-day. A pretty-looking crowd you’ve made of us; and it strikes me that you are not in what might be called full dress. A drowning man’s memory is said to be pretty good; perhaps you’ll recollect a little warning I gave you nigh onto two years ago, that if you did n’t quit your skulduggery we would put you where you would n’t have to work, for that seems to be what you are afraid of. What do you say to the prospects?”

“Captain John,” replied Vandane, “let bygones be bygones. It’s your turn now. I’m down, but I tell you what, I wish my old ‘navy’ had brought down a little more fruit before I laid it aside.”

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An excited crowd had gathered at the landing; indeed the city marshal and the county sheriff seemed to be the only ones unaware of the capture. A few eager questions and they were possessed of all the details, and the captors were hailed as conquering heroes.

“Which way does your course lie, gentlemen? Towards the Six Sleepers is the nighest, I reckon,” said a smiling old man.

“Quite right, my friend; we were thinking that that would be the easiest road.”

“I’ve been told that swinging for a living was easier than working,” remarked the school-teacher.

“No sedative beats a stroke of gravitation. I’d like to be there to take his pulse,” said the doctor.

“The force of habit, the education of long years, graduates with the honorary degree of a hempen cord,” remarked a collegian in the crowd.

When the supply of ghastly jokes had spent itself, with only one plea for mercy, which,

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however, found too cold a response to be urged, these usurpers of the law proceeded to more drastic measures. Murderers in public broils were gentlemen, to be treated as such, but horse thieves were vipers, to be crushed beneath the feet.

With true Western cordiality, Captain John and his comrades extended a general invitation for all to visit the "Farmers' Retreat," and each was asked what he would have; nor was Vandane forgotten. No man, however mean or despised in their eyes, is ever neglected in the bibulous hospitality of the West. The handcuffs were taken off and shackles for the feet substituted, and as far as possible Vandane was treated with friendly courtesy. After some one else had "set them up" Vandane took his turn. "I've got five dollars of this world's gear left; 't ain't of much use, I reckon, Captain John, except in treating my friends"—Here the crowd interrupted him with cries of "Bravo! That's comin' down right handsome."

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It was a merry Sunday evening revel; they drank to each other's health and good luck, clinking glasses with a violence which exhibited their exuberance of spirits. There was a deafening din of voices as they partook of cove oysters, crackers and sardines,—a sumptuous repast for men who commonly sat down to corn-dodger and bacon. And, too, had they not an all-night job on hand? A few hours of sleep would have been much more to the liking of the majority of these men than remounting their horses, but Captain John's spirits and endurance only increased with each draught. The final Olympian game of walking a crack was sufficiently difficult for the two who essayed to do it. To bind the prisoner was the next thing in order, after which he was led away to the horses, followed by an applauding crowd. The remaining three at length succeeded in bringing their curves and abrupt angles to the desired focus, and when once in the saddle were again masters of the situation. With numerous congratulations, a few cheers

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and an abundance of hiccoughs from the bystanders, Vandane and his captors started off.

The threatening storm delayed, but the inky darkness was a matter of indifference to men who were familiar with the road and could beguile the weary march with bacchanalian songs. Twelve o'clock came. They turned from the highway, entered a thicket and rode for a quarter of a mile farther. The escort then alighted, hitched all the horses save the one Vandane rode, and began to ascend the hill of the Six Sleepers. It was an abrupt, precipitous elevation, commanding a view of the surrounding country far and wide. Upon the summit grew a large, majestic oak, the solitary sign of life the desolate hilltop afforded; destitute of leaves, its apparently dead condition seemed a fitting framework for its ghastly burden. A fire was kindled, and by its lurid glare could be seen the whitening bones of six swinging skeletons which gave forth a rattling sound amid the swaying branches. Whoever finished his course here

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would have no grave to be visited and cared for by friendly hands; even rest, the heritage of death, was denied, and his bruised and broken frame would be the prey of the elements.

The drum-head council was convened. The court required no preliminary examination; the plain, undisputed facts were stated by Captain John; no sophistical lawyers could have influenced this determined jury. The question was thus put by Captain John, the finest poker player in the group: "Vandane has anteed; shall we cover him?" There was an instant response of "Yes," and the verdict was fully settled.

"If you think I am going to beg for my life, you are mistaken. I wouldn't ask a blamed favour of one of you. I did steal that horse, and I did ask for honest work of Captain John, but he'd rather I'd have starved than give me the cobs left by his mules. The favours I have to ask will be before a more merciful Judge than you fellows." And down

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on his knees fell Vandane, for the first time in many years, entreating mercy for a heart-broken mother, who, he prayed, might never know to what end her boy came; then with childlike simplicity he repeated the prayer of all childhood, "Now I lay me," adding, "He who trumped a dying thief eighteen hundred years ago I reckon will pull me through. I'd like to do a little scratching out of the past, but it's too late to dicker with that now."

Some of the executioners gave signs of weakening, but not Captain John. "Boys, the time's auspicious for his going; we won't give him a chance to steal the next horse he sees."

There was a moment's silence, broken only by the sighing of the wind and the creaking of the branches, and then was heard Captain John's "All ready. Good luck to you, and may you have a pleasant journey. Climb into the saddle and stand up when you get under the tree."

The horse was led under the oak, a rope

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having been previously fastened to the limb,
and the fatal knot was adjusted.

II

*“But if thou shouldst be dragged in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want one faithful friend
To share the cruel fate’s decree.”*

SHENSTONE

The sitting-room of the Great Western Hotel was thronged with people. Men and women, principally residents of the town, had gathered there, as was their wont when anything of special interest had occurred. Vandane's career, past, present and future, was the subject under discussion, and all seemed eminently satisfied with the course recent events had taken. Law was too slow a method for the active, enterprising West, especially when any inducements were offered to the venal courts or guards.

The door opened and an old lady, evidently wearied from travelling, entered. With a troubled look she eagerly scanned the faces

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about her, but seemed not to find what she sought. The conversation, which for a moment had ceased, was resumed.

“A more onery, trifling dog I never set eyes on. Steal? That’s no name for it. It must be nigh onto ten years since he first appeared in these parts, and you can bet your last drop of liquor it’ll be more than ten before he’s seen again.”

In turn and out of turn similar testimonials of character were furnished.

“What was this man’s name that you are talking about?” asked the new-comer.

“George Vandane was what he said, but his say was n’t always very reliable,” was the response.

“Had he sandy hair, a Roman nose, blue eyes and a gash over one of them?” she asked.

“Pears to me he wa’n’t unbeknown to you. Sorry if we crowded your feelings, but that subscription fills the bill exactly.”

“My son, oh, my son! He was a good little boy, but I knew he had gone wrong. Ten

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long years I have searched for him, and looked into every hardened face I've met."

The mobile crowd was instantly at her service; they would furnish horses, driver, guide,—anything she wanted. Every man who a few moments before had jeered and laughed over Vandane's prospect of death was now anxious to rescue him.

The horses were soon at the door, and a second procession with human life at stake started over the lonely road. They whirled over the hills and splashed across the creeks, the anxiety and suspense of the mother increasing as they pressed onward in the darkness.

At length they saw the gleam of the fires flickering on the hilltop; they passed the horses, and when they came within calling distance, a mighty shout went up: "Save Vandane!"

Captain John heard what he supposed was a band of thieves coming to the rescue, and hurriedly climbing into the tree, did the deed

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not given to mortal man to do. Then came the command, "Halt!" and he covered the foremost figure with his revolver.

"Put up that gun and cut that rope instantly," was the equally determined reply.

The rescuers cut the rope. Was there still breath in the body? Was that twitching a vestige of remaining life? They wooed life with as much resolve as they had a moment before extinguished it; but, to use Vandane's own words, it was too late to dicker with the past.

A shriek pierced the darkness, followed by a more appalling silence during which these shedders of blood watched the pallid face and clenched hands of the mother with marked uneasiness.

Suddenly the blood leaped to her face, her nerves grew stronger, her eyes kindled with an unnatural light. What was she going to do? What could she do for her boy? She could at least call down curses on his murderers. "May your hearths be as desolate as mine; may the earth deny you the fruits of

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your toils; may your lips be parched with thirst, your flesh blistered by the summer's sun and frozen by the winter's cold; may every passing wind be a withering dirge to your souls, as is this blast to mine; may your guilty hearts ache with bitter remorse, your brains reel beneath the weight of crime; sleep forever forsake your pillow, till oblivion would be sweet and memory lost a wished-for boon!"

Her voice had the weird ring of prophecy, and these strong men, whom nothing had before daunted, covered their ears as if to ward off these direful imprecations.

The mother had fallen to the ground, but the mark of death was upon her. Then rousing herself, with a tenderer look overspreading her face, she said, as if to herself: "These are some mothers' sons," and then louder, "No, no, I must n't; I leave you in God's hands."

The thunder had ceased to roll, the wind died away, and the wan moonlight filtered through the sullen clouds, giving promise of a brighter morning.



Some Inmates of Las Vegas Jail

If one were to write up an average New England town, it would mainly be "annals of a quiet neighbourhood;" the proudest record would be that of the boys she had sent out to college, who later had answered the call of their country's need, whether in war, business or legislative halls.

In contrast I am going to record some of the happenings in one of our Western towns in frontier days. Billy the Kid, its most notorious prisoner, has a world-wide reputation. But first let us look at some of the every-day doings of the every-day people.

Jimmy Moorhead was a whiskey drummer of genial ways and hot temper. His business associates were the desperate men of the border; his social friends the best citizens of the towns. Now one day Jimmy Moorhead arrived at Las Vegas, went to the St. Nicholas Hotel and, finding the usual array of poor

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food set before him, called for eggs, little dreaming that the innocent request had in it the germ of a fatal tragedy which was to prove his undoing.

Allen, the waiter, refused to order any more eggs cooked that night. A warfare of words ensued, but Allen carried his point, and Moorhead was obliged to satisfy his hunger as best he could from the dishes before him.

The next day, in the presence of Deacon Sanford, the chief clerk and the one redeeming feature of the hotel, whose title was due to his New England origin, Moorhead took occasion to express his opinion of the menials employed by the hotel, and of Allen in particular. Deacon Sanford tried to soothe the irate guest, and ordered Allen to go to the kitchen. "I'll go," said Allen, "but at some later date I may return." As soon as he could borrow the cook's revolver he did return and, pointing it at Moorhead, demanded an apology on bended knees. Moorhead was not the

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man to give that, and as they parried words Moorhead kept advancing towards his antagonist, thinking he might knock the weapon from Allen's hand. Allen fired, and Moorhead fell, mortally wounded. Life was held cheap in those days, and Moorhead's chief regret was over the manner of his departure.

Allen's own death was quite in keeping with his life; indeed, one fancies that such men would almost consider it beneath their dignity to die a natural death. But the peacefully inclined were hardly more immune than others, as the occasion for the confinement of Allen's companion in death shows.

He was a drunken Texan who created a disturbance in Charles Ilfield's store. The latter ordered him to leave the premises, to which the Texan replied that if he was not to be allowed a shot at any one in the store he would try his hand at the fellow across the way, and an unoffending hack driver fell dead. This murderer was confined in the same jail with Allen. A friendship sprang up be-

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tween them which culminated in their escape. They were pursued, however, and shot by the sheriff's posse. There were rumours that the officials connived at their escape in order that they might be shot and no questions asked, and all bother of lawyers, judge and jury be avoided. No graves were dug, and nothing marked their last resting-place save the howling of the coyotes.

The office of city marshal was not an enviable one in those sanguinary times, and brave and fearless men lost their lives in trying to protect the lives of others. Some people will remember Marshal Carson of Las Vegas. Certain cow-boys claimed that they had been robbed in the gambling-hall of Close and Patterson, and threatened trouble. One evening when Carson and Ruddebaugh were in the saloon to protect it, the lights suddenly went out and shooting began which did not end until two of the cow-boys had been seriously wounded, the other three had fled, and Carson lay dead. A posse under command of

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Webb and Bill Goodlet captured the three cow-boys and put them in jail, but that very night a mob seized them and they were hanged from the windmill on the public plaza.

With liquor flowing like water, and with every one carrying firearms, life was precarious for all classes and conditions, innocent as well as guilty. The first man hanged in Las Vegas by the vigilantes was the owner of a very bad gun. His version of the story was that as he and a companion were leaving a house, where they had been visiting, his gun accidentally went off and killed his friend, who was walking behind him. In horror, he flung his hands behind him, and again the gun went off, killing one of the women standing in the door of the house they had just left. The authorities decided that the world would be well rid of the owner of so bad a gun.

The record of these men, however, is quite dwarfed when we come to consider that of Billy the Kid. Whether he was ambitious to

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have the deaths at his hands keep pace with his years, we do not know, but at the age of twenty-six he had killed twenty-seven men. He seems not to have known the "honour among thieves," for when he was pursued after having killed his jailer he displayed the white flag, and when the posse came near to receive his surrender he shot the entire band.

At that time there lived in Las Vegas a man by the name of Stewart; he was employed by some of the large cattle companies to prevent the stealing of the animals and their shipment out of the country. Stewart was a fine shot and fearless, and had been mainly instrumental in the extirpation of the Stockton gang of "cattle rustlers." He was deputized to capture Billy the Kid, and took with him Webb, Mysterious Dave Matthews, Ruddebaugh and Bill Goodlet,—each one of them a man-hunter with a death record established. When the Kid was surrounded, and learned who were his captors, he offered to surrender provided that Stewart would

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promise not to turn him over to the authorities at Las Vegas, but agree to place him safely in the Santa Fé jail. Stewart accepted the terms. When the news was telegraphed that Billy was captured and that he was to be taken to Santa Fé, the sheriff at Las Vegas determined to gain possession of him and see that he was punished for the cruel murders of the citizens of San Miguel County. When the train arrived at Las Vegas the sheriff and his deputies demanded the Kid. For an hour the train was delayed while the sheriff's demand was repeatedly refused. Finally Stewart announced that he had given his word of honour to Billy, and he proposed to keep it. "Billy surrendered on one condition," he added, "and if you propose to make that condition null and void, all I can do is to give Billy back his gun and turn him loose, and you can come and take him." The ghostly array of Billy's numerous victims rose before the sheriff, who had a decided repugnance to becoming a "has-been," and he immediately de-

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cided that he did not want Billy after all. So Stewart delivered his prisoner to the keeper of the jail in Santa Fé. The story of Billy's escape and the killing of his two guards while awaiting trial in Lincoln County, New Mexico, and of his pursuit and death at the hands of the brave Pat Garrett, whom President Roosevelt appointed collector of the port at El Paso, has been told by others.

Stewart's capture of the Kid made him very popular, but the formerly modest, quiet, determined citizen began to develop the bravado and lawlessness characteristic of the bad element on the frontier. One Saturday evening Mr. Hopper, a leading merchant of Las Vegas, and Mr. Hopkins, cashier of the San Miguel National Bank, were engaged in quite a merry conversation, when Stewart approached and charged them with laughing at him, for he was slightly intoxicated and had awkwardly stumbled. They explained and apologized, but Stewart said that he would accept their apology only on the con-

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dition that they would both go and take a drink with him at Close and Patterson's dance hall. Mr. Hopper, who was a prominent member and leader in the Methodist church, courteously declined; but Mr. Hopkins, seeing the dangerous temper Stewart was beginning to show, concluded it best to stop further argument by assuring him that nothing would please them better than to drink to the health of their friend Stewart. Hopper held back, until the drawing of a self-cocking revolver served to hasten his steps. When he arrived at the bar he would fain have taken lemonade, but nothing would satisfy the watchful eye of Stewart but the draining of a full glass of whiskey to the bottom.

Hopper was a man of great courage and not afraid to stand for truth and right; he was also larger and stronger than Stewart and could have easily overpowered him, but he scorned to use mere brute force, and showed by his action his real moral strength.

The following Sunday there was a meet-

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ing of the best citizens of Las Vegas, and Mr. Hopper announced his intention of having Stewart arrested and such action taken as would ensure peace in the future. A bit of the old honour came back to Stewart on hearing of this, and he went to Mr. Hopper and duly apologized, and thus ended all trouble with Mr. Stewart.

Vehicles for the Living and Dead

TIME was hanging heavily on our hands one evening as we sat around the fire in a country hotel, when the conversation turned on vehicles and queer combinations of motive power.

"There is one claim that I can make for my beloved Sunflower State," said Landlord Barns, of Gypsum City, Kansas, "and that is that no state ever had the privilege of seeing so great a variety of wheeled vehicles as Kansas."

"And I'll warrant," broke in one of the guests, "that the most exciting teams it ever saw were those ponderous overland coaches with wild broncos rushing madly through the towns, and then going at a snail's pace between stations on the prairies."

"Well," continued the next man, "I don't want to see any more crazy-looking outfit than an ox and a mule hitched to a 'ship of

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the desert' bound for Colorado from Arkansas, with a woman and four children walking behind, and the old man and five more children lying inside sick with chills."

"Yes," continued his neighbour, "I've seen all of these things, and I've seen carryalls so ancient and decrepit, with their owners headed for 'Pike's Peak or bust,' that our Jerry Simpson would n't have dared risk his life in one of them from station to speaker's stand when on a lecturing tour and anxious for conspicuous humility."

"All this is very true," said the landlord, "but the next minute you will see some of our cattle kings in carriages as fine as any of New York's Four Hundred.

"For an out-and-out unique family carriage, the chief of the Pottawottomies carries off the palm," continued Mr. Brown, who had thus far remained silent. "I used to know of a queer old character in New England of a thrifty turn of mind who carried his vegetables to market in the hearse when his services

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would be needed on the return trip as its driver; but the Indian chief beat that. He wanted the best and most convenient family carriage that could be found, and decided that Kansas was the place to find it. The owner of the largest carriage emporium in Coffeyville had as ornate and varied an assortment as the most critical buyer could wish. The fluent salesman showed the almost endless variety of carriages and expounded lucidly upon the style, convenience and luxurious ease of each particular vehicle save one. Why should the salesman ignore this commodious, shining, four-plumed carriage? Did he think it too fine for the chief? The latter would let him know that the best was none too good for him. The clerk was in despair; nothing suited. At length the Indian walked up in front of the only vehicle that had not been loudly recommended and asked its price. The salesman's eyes sparkled with fun; at last his customer was manifesting interest and admiration. 'Costs a heap of money,' replied the clerk,

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'but I can honestly say that we have never had any complaints of bad roads or poor springs from any one who ever rode inside of it, and a great many families have hired it. You can see all the sights through the glass windows; and just try that easy seat on the outside, and notice the abundance of room on the inside for the squaw and papooses; and then when you get tired and sleepy, you can just stretch out at full length inside and take a nap.'

"The trade was closed, and the chief was very proud of his purchase. In pleasant weather he rode on the outside, and when it was stormy he would get inside with his family. The Pottawottomies were very proud of their chief, and delighted in the attention he always received whenever he left the reservation for a carriage ride through Kansas. The merry crowd which followed him through the towns and cities was positive proof to them of their chief's popularity, and also of the excellent judgement he had shown

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in the selection of an appropriate means of
transportation.

“Many years have passed since the purchase of the hearse,—the plumes are rusty, the glass is broken, and the paint is nearly worn off; but its owner is as proud of it as ever, and the wayside admirers are as numerous. The chief has had much comfort and pleasure from his carriage during his lifetime, and I am sure that when he dies his numerous friends and sorrowful relatives will find some consolation in giving him a final ride in it.”

Whoever changes that which is fraught with sorrow and mourning into an instrument of usefulness and happiness surely has contributed to the sum total of humanity’s comfort.

“Mr. Brown has distanced all of us, I am sure, in the way of stories, and my only claim on your attention is that while with most of us our first ride in a hearse is our last one, and this, too, a slow and measured one, I am an exception, for I have already had my hearse ride, and that a lively, exciting one.

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"My friend, Judge Phillips, of St. Louis, was making his first visit to New Orleans, and I was showing him the many places of interest in that quaint city. On Sunday morning we took the street-car to visit the battle-field of New Orleans and the Federal Cemetery. After leaving the car we walked south on that beautiful road along the Mississippi River and passed the fine old plantations with the moss-covered trees and the attractive colonial houses, the homes of the cultivated and wealthy classes at the time when General Jackson was commander of the Southern army. We enjoyed the scenery, and for the first time beheld, as it were, ships in the air, as the levee forced the water in the river much higher than the level of the surrounding country. We wandered over the battle-field and saw where the English General Packenham died in the hour of his defeat, and with pride and wonder recalled the events connected with that brilliant battle won by the Tennessee hero.

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“From the battle-field we went to the Federal Cemetery. Judge Phillips had served in the Union army, and was glad to find an old comrade in the superintendent of the cemetery. We started on a walk through the grounds, but it began to rain and we were compelled to return to the office.

“‘A soldier has just been brought in for burial,’ said the superintendent. ‘There is a back seat on the hearse, and if the driver has not left the grounds he will give you a ride to the street-car.’

“We gratefully assented and climbed into the seat at the rear end of the hearse. We had driven only a short distance when we saw two cow-boys behind us loping their horses at full speed and rushing a long-horned Texas steer. They gained rapidly on us. The steer evidently did not like our looks, for he brandished his horns and shook his head savagely as though meditating a charge upon us and the hearse. The judge and I agreed that it would be much pleasanter to be in-

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side, if we could only get there, but we did not dare to make that kind of a sortie of defence with an enemy liable to impale us on his horns before we could gain a place of safety inside the hearse. Our driver whipped his horse into a fast gallop. The cow-boys urged on the steer. The situation was growing more exciting each moment. However, our driver showed himself a strategist of a high order. He lashed his horse as if he hoped to distance our foe from Texas. This caused an increase of speed on the part of the pursuers. Then the driver quickly turned his horse to the side of the road and the steer darted ahead of us. The cow-boys' fun was over. We reached the car station in safety and bade the driver farewell with many thanks.

"That night at dinner Judge Phillips, raising his glass to his lips, offered this toast: 'Dear boy, may the time be long and the years happy before we take our next ride in a hearse.'"

A Night at Rincon

“ONE dollar a night for a bed for a live man, five dollars for a dead man,” were the hotel prices conspicuously posted in the office. I stood aghast. I was a live man now, but what or where I might be before morning it seemed was a matter of conjecture.

I knew that Rincon was known as the “city of toughs,” and I had been a little prepared for what my reception might be by the experience of Charlie Palmer, a friend of mine. Charlie was a dapper little fellow, and as he dismounted from the stage on his first visit to Rincon he took pains to show that he carried a handsome ivory-handled pistol, which pistol was immediately taken possession of by a man named Chubb, who, thinking Palmer a little too dudish for the frontier, remarked that it was a pretty little plaything, but no good for a man. “Am just as much obliged to you; my little girl will like it.” Charlie looked at his

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pistol and looked at Chubb, who he felt sure would not hesitate to kill him for mere pastime, and summoning all the suavity he could, said, "Excuse me, I thought that pistol was mine."

"So it was," said Chubb, "until you gave it to me; but if you want it back, I'll give it to you," and he cocked the pistol.

"Excuse me," said Palmer, "that might go off. Just keep it. I never did like pistols anyway."

The hotel was a small one-story building, and contained an office which also served as a sitting-room, a dining-room and a sleeping-room with forty beds in it. The town could boast of two stores, fifty saloons, two dance-halls and a hotel, and more bunco men to the square foot than any other place in America.

It was about noon when we arrived, and we were obliged to stay until the following morning, when the construction train was to leave for the north. I strolled about the town after dinner, but concluded that it would be the

A Night at Rincon

part of wisdom to remain indoors after night-fall.

The landlord and his wife were worthy, pleasant people, but there were so few other respectable persons in the town that I wondered how they could endure their surroundings, particularly as the dance-hall women took their meals at the hotel and there was much more of frontier than of polite language heard about the house. However, I soon perceived that having eyes they saw not, and having ears they heard not. "I am thankful every day of my life that we came to Rincon," was my landlady's reply to an inquiry of mine. "My husband was a street-car conductor on the Fifth Street line in St. Louis, and he never looked into the faces of his children by daylight. Struggle as best we could, we could not lay up anything for a rainy day. Here we get a dollar for every meal, and we could rent more beds if we had them, and in a few months more we can go back to Missouri and buy a good farm and stock it with the best

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of everything and have money in the bank besides.

“To be sure,” she continued, “the first man I saw killed when Milt Yarberry and Morgan fell out and went to shooting in my dining-room made me a little panicky for fear that the bullets might get round my way, but now we are used to it and don’t mind it in the least. My man and I learned the second day after our arrival that we must mind our own business and let the bunco men mind theirs, and pay no attention to a shooting-match further than to recognize that it is the fashion of our society, which we cannot regulate and must not disturb.”

She entertained me with various society events which generally terminated fatally to one or more of the participants, until I grew sleepy and asked the landlord which bed I should occupy. “Any one you wish, dear boy. We change the linen all round once a week. Torrid Tommy, who was killed this morning just before your arrival, is occupying the bed

A Night at Rincon

near the north window, waiting for his coffin to come in. Perhaps you would prefer not to camp by him."

I selected the second bed on the south side, placed my clothes on a chair, laid my "long tom" on the outside of my bed, and was just dropping off to sleep when a drunken man reeled into the room and, coming up to my bed, said, "Pard, have a drink." I feigned sleep, but seizing me by the shoulder, he persisted, "Old boy, have something." In rather strong language I gave him to understand that he must leave me alone. He looked at my gun, and catching sight of the other occupied bed, remarked, "No offence, pard. If you don't mind, I will invite our friend across the way." Standing near the dead man, he extended the same invitation. Receiving no response, he took hold of him. "Gracious me! how cold you are, old boy! A drink will warm you up. Say, 'just take one with me.'" Still getting no answer, he pulled off the sheet, disclosing the shot in the head that had ended the fray. "Holy

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Moses! You are perfectly excusable for not taking a drink. Well, here goes; I'll do the honours for us both. Here's to you," he said, as he took a long pull at the bottle, "and here's to me," and he took another vigorous hold of the flask and drained it. "Well," he soliloquized, "you and I won't quarrel tonight; I am kinder tired, and if you don't object, I'll take this bed right near you."

He was a long time undressing, counted his money and fumbled over his clothes in concealing it, so that I was almost asleep when he finally got into bed.

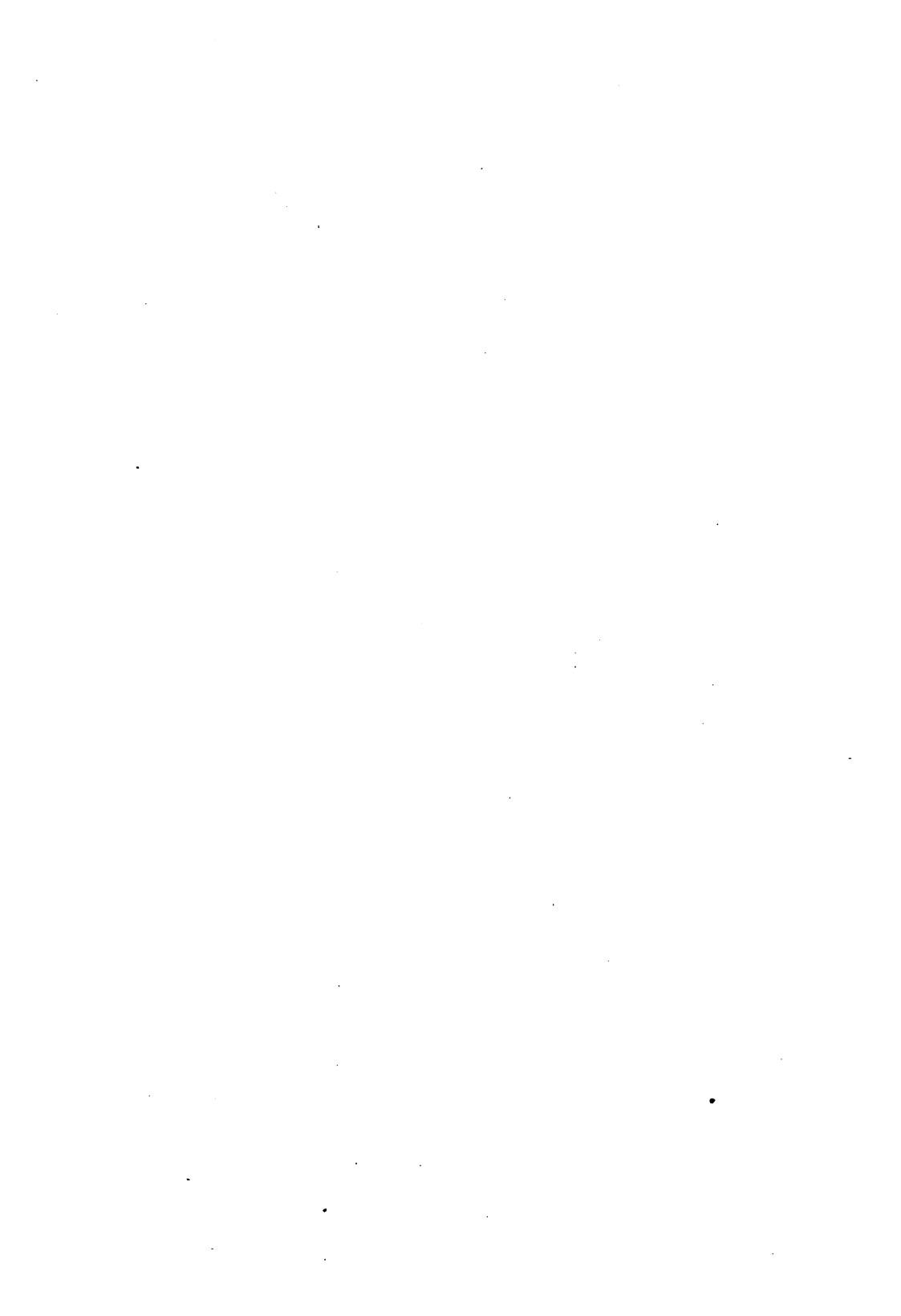
Suddenly I heard a scream, "Murder! Stop, thief!" Was I dreaming? No, that was surely a real pair of heels disappearing out of the window. The thief had seized the drunken man's clothes and escaped, the latter firing one aimless shot from my gun. The landlord and the guests rushed in to learn the cause of the uproar, but found only a poor drunken man bemoaning his scanty outfit.

It certainly was no time to sleep with such

A Night at Rincon

stirring events in progress. I put my clothes under the mattress and waited for developments.

About midnight the construction train came in, bringing the box for the dead man, and we watched the gruesome proceedings. I welcomed with delight the first streak of light in the eastern sky. The night had not been such as to stimulate a very ravenous appetite for breakfast, and I was glad indeed when we pulled out of Rincon. One man who had planned to journey with us was left behind, as without clothes or money travelling is inconvenient. We left him sitting up in bed cursing the town and all New Mexico. How long he thus remained I do not know, for the next time I was in Rincon there was nothing to tell the story of former life and activity but tin cans and deserted buildings.



Some Incidents of Early Days in New Albuquerque, New Mexico

EARLY one morning in 1881 three riders armed to the teeth might have been seen starting from Algadonis for the south. A fourth man, all unknown to them, was arming himself with no less effective weapons,— minute calculations as to their probable destination and the length of time required to reach it.

The leader of the three was Allison, a fearless highwayman who had become so bold in his murders and hold-ups, even to the robbing of mails unmasked, that a large reward had been offered for his capture, dead or alive. Allison had established a reputation for generosity by a lavish use of his ill-gotten gains, and could always depend upon friends to supply him with food and necessary information when he deemed it wise to go into hiding in the mountain fastnesses. But now,

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all things considered, he felt that safety lay in leaving that part of the country for a season.

The fourth man was the deputy sheriff from Alamosa, Colorado, who concluded from evidence gathered that the ultimate destination of the three men was either New or Old Mexico, and that they would stop at Bernalillo on their way thither. If this should prove true, he could anticipate their arrival there by rail. He started immediately, arriving at Bernalillo early the next morning, and found, as he expected, that nothing had yet been seen of the men. However, he was hardly seated at the breakfast-table at the hotel when he heard the tramp of horses and the rattling of spurs, and presently Allison and his two friends took seats opposite him at the table. It seemed, he said, as if they would hear his heart beat, and that his voice must certainly betray him as he returned their "Good morning." He well knew that instant death awaited him if they should in

Early Days in New Albuquerque

any way suspect him. They scrutinized him closely, and seemingly were satisfied, for they fell to eating with a good will. The appetite of the deputy, however, was gone, and his one desire was to get out of range of their guns as soon as possible. Presently he walked out of the office with as much unconcern as he could muster, only to find that he had left his hat in the dining-room. It seemed as if he could not face those searching eyes a second time, but to walk the streets bareheaded would certainly excite more suspicion, and he went calmly back and got his hat. The men again eyed him intently, and apparently were again satisfied that they had nothing to fear from him.

The sheriff walked rapidly out of the village on to the mesa, where he could command a good view of the stage route, and awaited developments. Three hours he stayed there and no sign of any rider. At last he was rewarded by seeing the three start off on the road to Albuquerque. Then the silent watcher

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hurried to the telegraph office and wired the sheriff at Albuquerque that Allison and two confederates, heavily armed, were on their way south.

Prefecto Armijo, the sheriff of Bernalillo County, though himself a fearless man, knew that he had his match in Allison, and that the road-agent could only be captured by stratagem. While holding counsel with some of his friends as to the best method of procedure, a livery-stable keeper named Grant volunteered to bring Allison and his men into his stable provided Armijo would have men enough concealed to make the capture absolutely sure.

Grant was able to figure very closely as to their probable location, and selecting one of his best horses, he rode rapidly northward for five miles on the public highway, and then left it, making a circle on the mesa where he appeared to be searching for something. He soon sighted the bandits, and turning his horse in their direction, came up to them and

Early Days in New Albuquerque

said, "Good morning, boys."

"Good morning yourself," they replied.

"Have you seen anything of a white-faced cayuse with a side-saddle on, but no bridle?" he asked. "You see, I keep a livery-stable in Albuquerque. Yesterday a woman hired the horse. She fastened him by the bridle, and that fool of a horse just pulled off his bridle and skipped for parts unknown."

"We have seen nothing of your horse," replied Allison.

"Well," said Grant, "then there is no use in my going farther north. I guess I will journey awhile with you boys if you have no objection."

Grant became quite communicative and told them that he had a contract to supply some teams to the Mexican Central Railroad contractors, and that he was very anxious to hire a few more men to help him deliver the stock in Mexico as agreed. Allison manifested considerable interest. Legitimate occupation that would take them to their de-

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stination would throw any pursuers off the track and materially aid their escape. Grant's offer of wages was liberal and the board to be found on their travels most satisfactory, so Allison and his men came to a speedy agreement with him.

"So far so good," thought Grant, "but I do not like the looks of those Winchester rifles and the determined men who carry them."

As they reached a little adobe house near the town of New Albuquerque, where one of the employees of the livery-stable lived, Grant said, "Boys, we've got pretty strict laws here against carrying guns, and Milt Yarberry, our city marshal, is the devil and Tom Walker and arrests every chap carrying them openly. So my advice to you is to leave your Winchesters here with my man's wife, and as soon as it's dark I'll send out and get them for you."

Allison and his companions cheerfully acquiesced. The problem now was how to get

Early Days in New Albuquerque

the pistols out of the way,—for every man carried his pistol. When within about a block of the stable the owner stopped his horse and said, “Do you see that tall chap on the sidewalk, with a badge on and a belt full of cartridges? That is Marshal Milt Yarberry. Better button up your coats so that he does n’t see those revolvers.” Then, as they came up to the stable, Grant said, “Boys, drive right in. My men will take charge of the horses.”

Ten Winchesters gleamed in the air, and Allison and his gang had taken their turn in obeying the order, “Hold up your hands!” They were captives, and turning to Grant, Allison said, “You cowardly cur, if you had n’t got me to button up my coat I’d have had the satisfaction of filling you full of lead.”

We must add a word in regard to Marshal Milt Yarberry, for this day sealed his fate. During the afternoon some trouble arose over the killing of a dog; the usual shooting followed, and another was added to the list slain by Yarberry. The citizens were eager

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to hang him on the spot, but ex-Governor Stover argued that they could ill afford to lose so vigilant and daring a marshal. However, although he was given a fair trial, the verdict was against him, and he was hanged.

A Night Ride in the Deadwood Coach

THE man who always trusts to the luck of the moment had ensconced himself in the outside seat of the Deadwood coach beside the driver, which I had taken the precaution to secure a day in advance at Sidney, Nebraska. I told him it was my seat. In reply he showed me a belt full of cartridges, and sat still. The agent, however, was more successful and I mounted to my place. His two companions on the inside of the coach handed out a gallon of whiskey as a panacea for his ruffled feelings, and gave me to understand what my position was by scrupulously omitting me each time it was passed. The prospect of companionable company for the ride was not encouraging, but I was not afraid, and when we stopped for dinner and I had my turn at the solitary tin wash-basin, I took off my coat to bring my firearms into prominence,

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feeling sure that I should rise in the estimation of my fellow-travellers if they saw that I too was prepared for all possible emergencies.

We jogged along through an uneventful day. After supper the would-be usurper of my seat asked the driver to be allowed a place on the outside, as the motion of the coach was making him sick. The driver assented. As he climbed up to the dickey seat above and behind the driver, I caught a familiar look in his face, and felt sure that this was not our first meeting. He was now sufficiently intoxicated to be communicative, and I said to him, "Pard, I believe I have seen you before." He evidently considered that "not to know me argues yourself unknown," for he proceeded to inform me that in the early days of Albuquerque, New Mexico, he was the boss, the high priest of the cyclone, the big chief of the whole country. Such titles seem to have been gained, not by his having added to the material prosperity of the town, but by having taken from the number of its

The Deadwood Coach

citizens, as I learned from the account of his various claims to distinction. When I told him that I also had lived in Albuquerque in the early days, his astonishment knew no bounds. "What, you don't know my name! Just let me nudge your memory for a minute. Do you remember a gentleman—that's me—that got into a shooting scrape with two of the meanest whelps that ever drew breath—them's the other fellows—and shot them, and accidentally killed a stranger on the sidewalk?"

"What was the name of the man you accidentally killed on the sidewalk?" I asked, thinking my chances better for remembering one who was not acquainted with my present companion.

"Really, I forgot to ask," was the reply. "It's strange you can't place a prominent citizen like me. My name's Charlie Pierce, a born gentleman. Do I look like a road-agent?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Pierce," I replied,

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thinking polite acquiescence the wisest policy, for the man had the eyes of a murderer and teeth like the tusks of a wild boar. He looked as if every inch of him was capable of any villainy known to the frontier.

“It takes a gentleman to recognize a gentleman. But do you know that John Watts, cashier of the Second National Bank of Santa Fé, swore in open court that he recognized me despite the disguise when the east-bound coach was robbed between Santa Fé and Las Vegas? But I had a good friend in Webb,—there’s a gentleman for you,—formerly city marshal of Las Vegas, who was afterwards sentenced to be hung, but broke jail and got away, God bless him, for I’d be breaking rock now if he had n’t come and confessed to the plain, unvarnished truth that he did it and I was n’t there. Webb was a noble man. He had n’t been tried for his last supposed murder, but he knew that he was in for it on that, but would rather be tried for holding up the stage, so on the stand he con-

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fessed to the hold-up of the stage, and said that his companions were Dave Ruddebaugh and Big Jim Donahue. The honest jury was convinced, and I was free.

“When the judge turned me loose, I made up my mind to go and kill John Watts, but my friends declared it would n’t be prudent just yet, and so I’ve waited. Have you seen him lately?”

“Yes,” I replied, “I saw Mr. Watts in his bank last month, looking hale and hearty.”

“Oh, how I’d like to meet him and have it out!” The wicked gleam in Pierce’s eyes assured one that it would go hard with the banker in case of such an encounter.

But the “noble Webb” stood high in Charlie’s estimation, and he seemed to take the same delight in recounting the part the marshal had played in the various robberies, murders and other crimes committed by his confiding friends that old soldiers and sailors do in rehearsing the scenes of their battles.

We got to talking about the Cheyenne

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cattle man and the time when Mysterious Dave Matthews, Webb, Hoodoo Brown, justice of the peace and coroner, and B—S—* tried to play a bunco game in Las Vegas and the cattle man would n't bet. "You know," said Pierce, after taking another pull at the whiskey jug, "that I was an innocent faro dealer, and the boys knew that I was square and never went back on my friends, so they used to tell me about all the goings-on. Now that cattle chap had more money than he needed. The boys treated him right handsomely. He would just drink their whiskey like water, but was stubborn and would n't bet. Bill Dash, seeing that his stingy friend was n't going to give the boys a chance at his money, lost his temper and filled the man full of lead. Then Webb came to the rescue and said, 'Now, Bill, as you ain't an officer, and I am, I'll just say that I killed the cuss because he

**As this man is living, and is an acquaintance of mine, I withhold his name.*

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was resisting arrest.' All agreed that Webb was doing the proper thing, and things would have gone well, but Hoodoo Brown, as coroner, took possession of the effects of the deceased, promising to divide at an opportune season. But Hoodoo played the scoundrel on his friends and skipped out with all the dead man's money. This started an investigation by the citizens, and as a result Webb was sentenced to be hanged. But his friends were true and released him from jail, and he now rejoices in the citizenship of Old Mexico under a *nom de plume*.

"Did you ever hear about the contribution old Arny made to the boys? He was only secretary of New Mexico, but this left him acting governor when the chief was away. When he had been drinking, which was most of the time, and you would call him 'Mr. Arny,' he would look at you in an annihilating kind of way and say, 'Governor Arny, by G—d, sir.' Well, one day the boys held up the coach near Las Vegas.

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Old Arny was one of the passengers. The day was hot and the governor was stout and got terribly tired holding up his hands while all the passengers were being searched; so at length he said, ‘Do you know who I am?’ No reply. A second and a third time he repeated the question. Then the captain of the agents, who had covered him with his gun, said, ‘Who in h—l are you?’ ‘Governor Arny, by G—d, sir,’ was the prompt reply. ‘Well,’ spoke up the captain, ‘if you are the governor of New Mexico, you ought to have more than seventy-five dollars about you. Here, Jim, go through the governor again.’ Four hundred dollars were sewed up in Arny’s woollen shirt. ‘Thank you, Governor Arny, by G—d,’ said the captain. When the governor reached Las Vegas, he swore out warrants and arrested Big Jim Donahue twice. But Donahue proved an alibi. Poor Jim! he was a clever fellow. “T was a shame the way the mob hanged him in Santa Fé; they did n’t give him a chance for his white alley.”

The Deadwood Coach

"No," I responded. "I arrived in Santa Fé before he was cut down. But Jim had killed one man too many."

I had staged all through New Mexico before the days of the railroad and was there when the Santa Fé road was constructed, and I knew about most of the murders, hold-ups and other dark crimes as current news, but never before had I been taken behind the scenes and shown the inner workings of such things. It was an intensely interesting night. Finally about three o'clock in the morning, Charlie was too drunk to talk any more, so he clambered down into the inside of the stage and went to sleep.

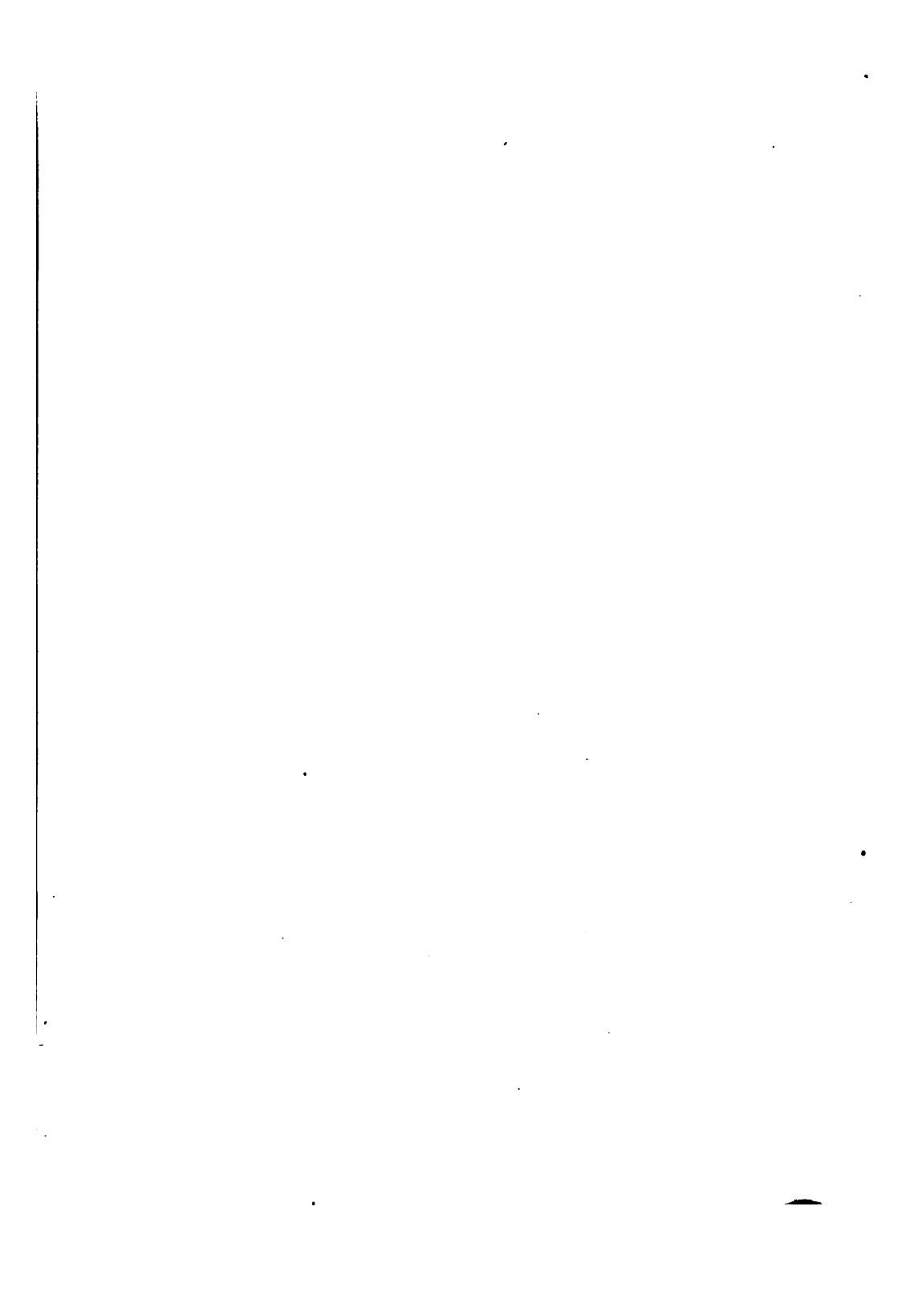
We arrived for breakfast at a station near the old Red Cloud Indian agency. From there Charlie and his companions were to take a buckboard stage for Chadron, a new and at that time rough frontier town on the railroad line being built to the Black Hills. When breakfast was over I was congratulating myself upon having had such peaceable

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and entertaining companions after all, when Charlie Pierce, who was now sober, confronted me, holding his Winchester in his hand in a way that emphasized his remarks, and said, "Pard, I was drinking pretty freely last night and my tongue wagged more than I meant it to. You want to live long"—quite a pause, and he looked me boldly in the face—"and I want to live long, and the wisest thing is for you to forget that you ever saw me."

"Certainly, Mr. Pierce," I quickly responded, and assured him that I was constantly meeting people whom I never saw or thought of again. But Mr. Pierce did not so easily vanish from my mind. I could not place him, although I was sure that I had seen him before, but I knew that if I had, it was under another name or a *nom de plume* like his friend Webb.

Some months later I arrived in Albuquerque, and was walking past my former store where on a June evening in 1881 I had





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The Deadwood Coach

seen the flash of guns when Milt Yarberry shot Campbell in cold blood, and when Bill Jones was suspected of complicity and fled to parts unknown that very night. Suddenly the thought of my companion on the Deadwood coach flashed across my mind, and I knew that the Charlie Pierce of Dakota was the Bill Jones of New Mexico. Remembering my conversation with Mr. Pierce, I resolved to keep my discovery to myself. My curiosity was aroused, however, and I was interested to learn something more about Bill Jones if possible. Happening to meet Cannon-Ball Johnny, an old frontiersman of unsavoury record, who proudly boasted to his friends that he had once been saved from being hanged by the vigilantes by just one vote, I said, "Johnny, how about Bill Jones?"

"Bill Jones!" exclaimed Johnny, with his face all alight; "I am just off to find him. You know Bill's connections with the robberies and murders are now known, and the railroad company, the express company and

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the territory have offered rewards amounting to twenty-five hundred dollars for Bill's capture. A pard of mine has just come from the north. He says a man by the name of Pierce engaged him in considerable conversation one night. He'd been drinking, you know, and must have said a good deal more than he thought he was saying, for putting some of his remarks together my pard figured that this Pierce was the real Bill Jones. Not caring to look into the matter personally himself, and knowing my reputation,—and Bill's,—he friendly like passed on his observations to me, on the condition that I'd divy with him. So I am off for the north and Bill as fast as I can get there."

I was tempted to tell Johnny my own tale and following deductions, but discreetly refrained, and only remarked that I thought he was pretty sure to find Bill and capture him if he decided to take steps in that direction. Johnny was certainly a formidable antagonist, and I felt convinced that Mr. Pierce would

The Deadwood Coach

this time regret that he had talked with a less reticent person than myself.

Nearly a year later, I returned from the Black Hills to Buffalogap, then the terminus of the Fremont, Missouri and Elkhorn Railroad, which was being constructed from the Missouri River to Deadwood. All the surroundings were of the frontier. The three-card-monte sharp was simply displaced by the man with the rubber ball and three walnut shells, and dance-halls and gambling-saloons were running full blast. A few minutes before the time for the train to start I concluded to inquire for my former stage acquaintance, Mr. Charles Pierce. Across from the station was a large gambling-hall. I went in and sauntered up to a rough-looking character who was tending the bar and, though I never smoke, called for a cigar and asked him what he would have. "Whiskey straight," was the reply. When he had made way with a generous allowance, I inquired if he had ever met a man named Charlie Pierce.

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"I just reckon I have. Charlie was one of the best men I ever knew and a dead shot. Poor fellow! it was all over with him last fall. We gave him a first-class send-off; hired a parson that would n't take anything for the job, and our own saloon band played psalm tunes all the way to the grave."

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"We never knew exactly whether it was an old feud or whether some one wanted Charlie; but first we knew he and another chap were just blazing away, and in five minutes the deed was done for both of them."

"Who was the other chap?" I inquired.

"He didn't live long enough to tell his name, but some letters showed that he was John—I forget his last name—from New Mexico. He is planted, too, pretty near to Charlie, but it is all right now, for our pard don't know it, as he was covered first."

Note. Bill Jones is not the real name of the person referred to, and it is unnecessary to mention my reasons for not giving the correct name.

Seven Up and Life or Death

HERE was a moment's lull in the dance-music and the shuffle of feet ceased for a little. It was not for long—so little while does it take to launch a fellow-being into another existence, so little while does it take to adjust ourselves again to this.

It was a familiar setting for days in the eighties, the town being of a new, short-lived, coarse, frontier growth, bustling by day and noisy and gay by night, with its dance-halls and gambling-saloons. Each such town usually had a leading character; unfortunately it was generally a leading bad character. Gunnison, Colorado, was fortunate, or the reverse, in having two leading characters, one of whom was Edward R. Chew, who, though he tolerated the low class of society which adheres to such strata as an inevitable product of the times, nevertheless stood fearlessly for a higher standard of morals than his neighbours. The

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lawless element had an equally valiant champion in a man called Yard. His life was spent in open defiance of law and decency, so expert had he become in "fixing juries" and so firmly entrenched in the belief that when handled with good judgment boodle is more convincing than evidence.

However, there came a revolt at last against such open lawlessness, and in a spirited election many of the citizens rallied to the support of the better element and the latter elected the coroner and sheriff. Yard bore his political defeat with equanimity, but manifested no inclination to change his manner of procedure. He knew that it would be difficult to impanel a jury composed only of members who would abide by the obligations of their oath. One might rest on a divided jury on the first count; the delays incident to a second trial were favourable, with the scattering of the witnesses for the prosecution as other mining camps sprang up whenever new discoveries of ore were reported. Besides, the

Seven Up and Life or Death

expense to state, county and city was so large that when the prospects for conviction were not encouraging the murder cases were generally nol-prossed.

A prospector named Walsh was not favourably impressed by the grace and beauty of his partners at Yard's "Palace of Amusement;" he complained that the music was too short and quick, and the prompter's orders to "promenade all to the bar and treat your partners" were too frequent. He voiced other criticism not flattering to the management. Yard scowled savagely as he listened to the comments and decided that he would bear no more of them, and as the surest way of bringing about this more comfortable state of affairs, and without giving Walsh an opportunity for defence, shot him, facetiously remarking that "it's time to cash in them sentiments." It was the work of but a moment to carry Walsh into a side room, place a pistol in his hand, and return to take away the disagreeable taste by entering more bois-

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terously than ever into the dance.

Yard was indicted for murder. The sheriff's panel at that term included an unusually large number of law-abiding citizens. The defence had exhausted all their rights of peremptory challenge, when E. R. Chew was called and examined as to his qualifications to sit on the jury that was to try Yard. Strenuous efforts were made to reject him, but they were unavailing. The district attorney did his duty well. He presented convincing evidence that the murder of Walsh was brutal and utterly inexcusable. The painted courtesans of the dance-hall who were marshalled for the defence, and swore unblushingly to manufactured testimony, retired from the cross-examination in confusion and disgrace. Judge Gary's charge was fair and just, and though he gave the prisoner impartial treatment, there would have been no hope for acquittal had the defence relied upon law, evidence and justice.

The jury retired, but instead of a unani-

Seven Up and Life or Death

mous vote for murder in the first degree there was a divided poll. The heritage of the Bad Lands, "jury fixing," &c., began to manifest its influence, and settled as a blight over the deliberations. It was apparent that some of the jurymen were public servants for what there was in it. In vain did Chew analyze the testimony in full; in vain did he show that the witnesses agreed in all essential points. "Don't let us stampede from the truth for fear of the gang. Murder has been Yard's long suit these many years, and it is only fair that he should have his well-earned innings." The jury was stubborn. Days passed. It was impossible to agree on a verdict, and the jurymen so reported, but the judge refused to discharge them. And so the weary days dragged on, full of thrust and counter thrust, arguments and specious reasoning. It was held that Yard was simply defending himself; that he would have been killed by that pistol found in the dead man's hand had he not protected his own life. In vain it was protested that

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Walsh never carried firearms, and a final conclusion seemed no nearer than when the trial first closed, for Chew remained firm in his protestations that he would not perjure himself.

The stuffy room was becoming unendurable. At length one of the jurymen approached Chew with the suggestion that they end their long confinement by a game of seven up. He and one of their number should play, and whoever won the game should write the verdict, and the others should agree. It was a solution, and perhaps it was the only one, and Chew agreed to the conditions. The sheriff provided the table and the deck of cards, and the members of the jury gathered around. A chance passer-by would probably have seen nothing unusual save that a friendly game of cards was being played, nor would he have divined that anything out of the ordinary was at stake excepting that a little more than the customary eagerness seemed written on their faces.

There was a man, however, whose interest